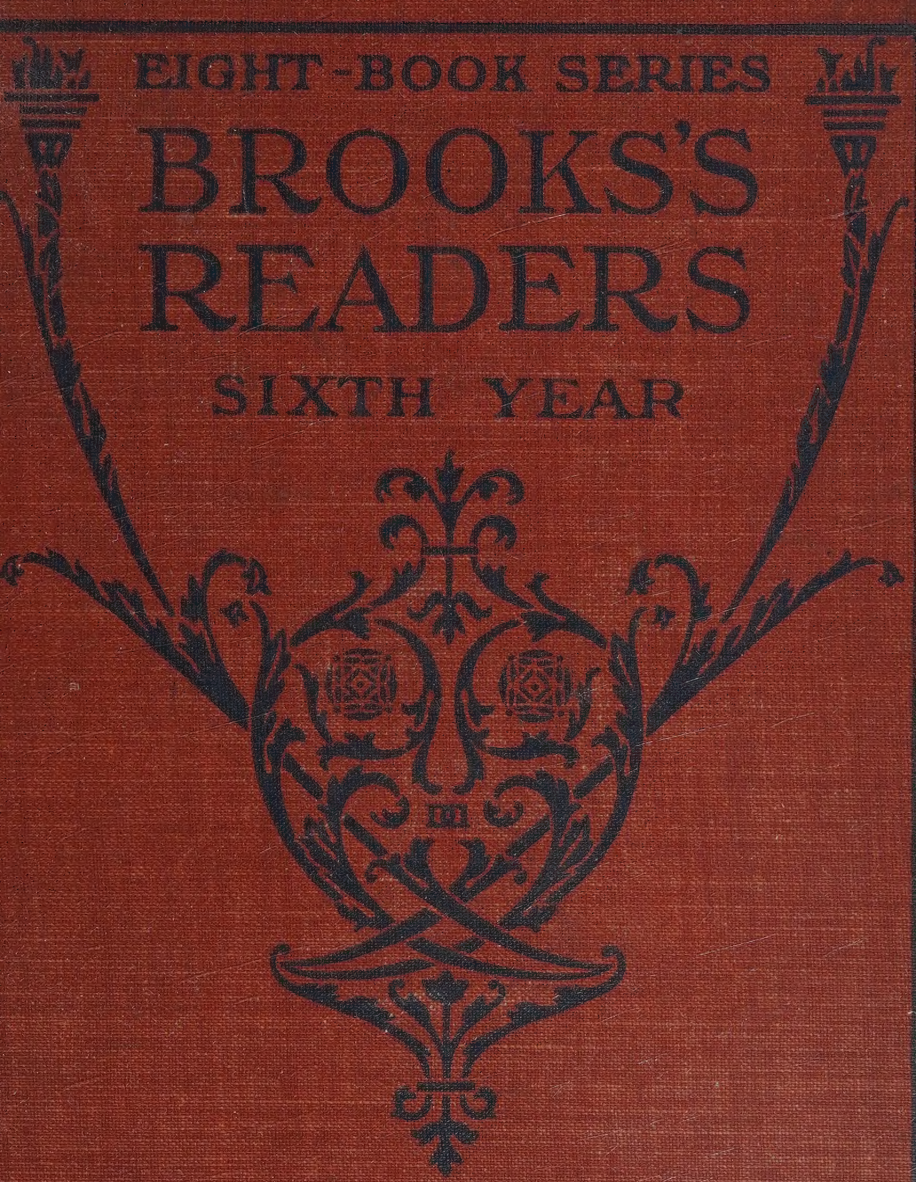
EIGHT-BOOK SERIES

BROOKS'S READERS

SIXTH YEAR



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From the painting by Jean François Millet.

THE GLEANERS.

(*See page* 58.)

EIGHT-BOOK SERIES

BROOKS'S READERS

SIXTH YEAR

BY

STRATTON D. BROOKS

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS, BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

NEW YORK ·:· CINCINNATI ·:· CHICAGO

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BROOKS'S READERS. SIXTH YEAR.
E-P 7

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"LEARNERS ARE WE ALL AT SCHOOL."

LEARNERS

Learners are we all at school,
Eager youth and weary age,
Governed by the selfsame rule,
Poring o'er the selfsame page.

Life the lesson that we learn
As the days and years go by;
Wondrous are the leaves we turn
On the earth and in the sky.

—M. J. Savage.

AN ITALIAN SCHOOLBOY

I. THE FIRST DAY OF SCHOOL

To-day is the first day of school. My three months of vacation in the country have passed like a dream. This morning my mother took me to the schoolhouse to have me entered for the third elementary grade. I was thinking of the country and went unwillingly. The streets were crowded with boys; the bookshops were filled with parents buying bags, portfolios, and copybooks; and so many people had collected in front of the school that the policeman could scarcely keep the entrance clear.

Near the door, some one touched my shoulder; it

was my teacher of the second grade. Cheerful, as always, he said to me, "Well, Enrico, are we to part forever?" I knew it too well, and his words made me sad.

We pushed our way through the crowd with difficulty. Ladies, gentlemen, workingmen, officers, and servants, each leading a boy with one hand and holding the promotion books in the other, filled the entrance and the stairway. I was glad to see once more the large hall on the ground floor with the doors leading to the seven class rooms where I had spent nearly every day for three years. The teachers were coming and going. The schoolmistress who had taught me in the first class greeted me from the door of her class room, and said: —

"Enrico, you are going to the floor above this year. I shall not even see you pass." And she looked at me sadly.

At ten o'clock we were all in our classes: fifty-four of us.

The schoolroom seemed small and dark to me when I thought of the woods and mountains where I had spent the summer. I thought too of my teacher of the second class. He was always smiling and seemed like one of us. I was sorry that I should see him no more.

Our teacher this year is tall; his hair is long and

gray; and he has a straight wrinkle across his forehead. He has a deep voice, and he looks at us intently as if he would read all our thoughts. I think he never smiles.

I said to myself: "This is the first day. There are nine months more. What work, what monthly examinations, how tired I shall be!" I longed to see my mother, and when I came out, I ran to kiss her hand. She said to me: —

"Courage, Enrico, we will study together." And I returned home with her content.

II. MY CLASSMATES

The boy I like the best in our school is called Garrone. He is the tallest boy in the class and is about fourteen years old. He has a large head and his shoulders are broad. One can see he is good when he smiles, and it seems to me that he thinks like a man.

I already know several of my schoolmates. There is another one I like, named Coretti. He is always jolly, and is the son of a wood merchant who was a soldier in the war of 1866.

On the bench near me is a boy who is called "The Little Mason," because his father is a mason. His face is as round as an apple and his nose is like a

little ball. He wears a ragged cap which he rolls up like a handkerchief and carries in his pocket.

Next to the Little Mason sits Garoffi, a tall thin boy with a hooked nose and small eyes that seem to examine everything. He is always trading marbles, pictures, pens, and stamps. He counts the coins in his pockets continually and can add them up on his fingers very quickly.

Everything he finds, he saves. For more than two years he has been collecting postage stamps, and has hundreds of them from every country. He pastes them in a large album which he will sell to the stationer when it is filled. This album is his treasure, and he always speaks of it as if he expected to make his fortune out of it. The boys call him a miser, but I like him. He teaches me a great many things. One of the boys says that Garoffi would not give up his postage stamps to save his mother's life. My father does not believe that.

"Wait a little, before you judge him," he said to me. "This is a passion with him, but he has a heart as well."

I also like Precossi, the son of the blacksmith. He wears a long cloak and looks delicate. He is very timid, and when he speaks to any one, he says, "Excuse me," and looks up with his sad, tender eyes.

But Garrone is the best of them all.

AT THE FIRST SNOWSTORM

Here comes the beautiful friend of the children. Here is the first snow! It was down yesterday evening in the night, and it looked as large as feathers. It was a pleasure this morning to see it lying against the windows and pile up on the window sills. Even the hardest wrinkled it, and pinched his hands. We were all glad when we thought of coasting downhills, and of the fun which would come later, and of the hearty at home.

How beautiful! What a fine time we had when we came out of school! All trooped down the streets,

shouting and waving their arms, snatching up handfuls of snow, and dashing about in it, like poodles in the water.

Outside the schoolhouse the parents were waiting with umbrellas which were white with snow. The policeman's helmet was white. All our satchels became white in a few moments. Every one seemed wild with joy. Even the teachers were laughing as they ran out of the school.

Meanwhile hundreds of girls from the neighboring schoolhouse passed by, screaming and frolicking on that white carpet. And the masters and the policemen shouted, "Home! home!" But they, too, laughed at this wild revelry of the scholars who were enjoying the first snow.

IV. A SNOWBALL

The snow is everywhere. A sad accident happened this morning, because of the snow. As we came out of school a crowd of boys just entering the street began to throw balls made of wet snow which were as hard and heavy as stones. Many persons were passing along the sidewalks, and a gentleman called out, "Stop that, you little rogues." Just at that moment a sharp cry was heard from the other side of the street, and we saw an old man who had lost his hat and was staggering about, covering his

face with his hands. A boy near him cried, "Help! help!" Immediately people ran to him from all directions. He had been struck in the eye with a snowball. Instantly all the boys scattered, fleeing like arrows. I was standing in front of the bookseller's shop into which my father had gone, and I saw several of my classmates mingling with the others near me, and pretending to be looking at the show cases.

There was Garrone with his penny roll in his pocket as usual, Corretti, the Little Mason, and Garoffi, the stamp collector.

In the meantime a crowd had gathered around the old man, and a policeman and others were running to and fro, threatening and demanding, "Who was it? Who did it? Was it you? Tell me who did it?" and they looked at the hands of the boys to see whether they were wet with snow.

Garoffi was standing beside me. I noticed that he was trembling like a leaf, and that his face was deathly white. "Who was it? Who did it?" the crowd continued to cry.

Then I heard Garrone saying softly to Garoffi, "Go and give yourself up; it would be cowardly to allow some one else to be arrested."

"But I did not do it on purpose," replied Garoffi, still trembling violently.

"It matters not, do your duty," repeated Garrone.

"But I have not the courage."

"Take courage then. I will go with you."

And the policeman and the other people cried louder than ever, "Who was it? Who did it? One of his glasses has been driven into his eye! They have blinded him! The ruffians!"

I thought that Garoffi would fall to the ground. "Go," said Garrone, resolutely. "I will defend you;" and grasping him by the arm, he pushed him forward, supporting him as though he were sick. The people saw, and immediately understood, and several persons made a dash at him, with their fists raised. But Garrone thrust himself between them and Garoffi, crying: —

"Do ten men of you set on one child?"

Then they ceased, and a policeman took Garoffi by the hand and led him through the crowd to a baker's shop where the wounded man had been carried. He was leaning back on a chair, with a handkerchief over his eyes. As soon as I saw him, I recognized him as the old man who lives on the fourth floor of our house with his little nephew.

"I did not do it on purpose!" sobbed Garoffi, half dead with fright. "I did not do it on purpose!"

Two or three persons thrust him violently into the shop, crying, "Down on your knees! Beg his par-

don!" and they threw him to the ground. But all at once two strong arms set him on his feet again, and a stern voice said: —

"No, gentlemen!" It was our principal, who had seen it all. "Since he has had the courage to give himself up," he added, "no one has the right to humiliate him." All stood silent. "Ask his forgiveness," said the principal to Garoffi. Garoffi burst into tears and embraced the knees of the old man, who put his hand on the boy's head, and caressed his hair. Then all said: "Go home, child, go home."

My father drew me away from the crowd, and said to me as we passed along the street, "Enrico, would you have had the courage to do your duty as Garoffi did, to go and confess your guilt?"

I answered that I would.

And he said, "Then give me your word, as a boy of heart and of honor, that you would do so."

"I give you my word, father."

V. THE WOUNDED MAN

The little nephew of the old man who was struck by Garoffi's snowball belongs to the upper third grade. We visited him to-day at the home of his uncle who treats him like a son.

I had just finished writing out the story for the

coming week, which the teacher had given me to copy, when my father said to me: —

"We will go up to the fourth floor and see how the old gentleman's eye is."

We entered a room which was almost dark. The old man was sitting up in bed. By his bedside sat his wife, and in one corner of the room the little nephew was playing with toys. The old man's right eye was bandaged. He was much pleased to see my father; he told us that his eye was not ruined, and that in two or three days it would be quite well again.

"It was an accident," he added. "I am sorry for the fright which it must have caused that poor boy." Just then the door-bell rang.

"There is the doctor," said his wife.

The door opened — and whom did I see? Garoffi, standing on the threshold, with bowed head, afraid to enter the room.

"Who is it?" asked the sick man.

"It is the boy who threw the snowball," answered my father. And then the old man said: —

"Oh, my poor boy! come in; you have come to inquire after the wounded man, have you not? But he is better; he is almost well. Come here."

Garoffi, who did not see us in his confusion, came toward the bed, trying not to cry. The old man caressed him, but the boy could not speak.

"Thank you," said the old man; "go and tell your father and mother that all is well with me; let them not worry any more on my account."

But Garoffi did not move. He seemed to have something to say which he dared not utter.

"What have you to tell me? What do you wish?"

"I?— Nothing."

"Well, farewell my boy, until we meet again. Go with your heart at peace."

Garoffi went as far as the door; but there he stopped and turned to look at the little nephew who was following him. All at once he pulled some object from beneath his cloak, put it in the little boy's hand, saying, hastily, to him, "This is for you," and away he went like a flash.

The boy carried the object to his uncle. They saw written upon it, "I give you this as a present." They looked inside, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. It was the famous album, containing his collection of postage stamps, which poor Garoffi had brought, the collection about which he was always talking and which had cost him so much labor. It was his treasure, poor lad! It was a part of his very life, which he had given the wounded man, in exchange for his pardon. — Edmondo de Amicis.

From "Cuore."

THANKFULNESS

FOR THANKSGIVING DAY

I THANK thee, Father, for this sky,
Wherein thy little sparrows fly;
For unseen hands that build and break
The cloud pavilions for my sake, —
This fleeting beauty, high and wild,
Toward which I wonder as a child.

I thank thee for the strengthening hills,
That give bright spirit to the rills;
For blue peaks soaring up apart,
To send down music on the heart;
For tree tops wavering soft and high,
Writing their peace against the sky;
For forest farings that have been;
For this fall rain that shuts me in,
Giving to my low little roof
The sense of home, secure, aloof.

And thanks for morning's stir and light,
And for the folding hush of night;
For those high deities that spread
The star-filled chasm overhead;
For elfin chemistries that yield
The green fires of the April field;

For all the foam and surge of bloom;
For leaves gone glorious to their doom,—
All the wild loveliness that can
Touch the immortal in a man.

Father of life I thank thee, too,
For old acquaintance, near and true,—
For friends who came into my day
And took the loneliness away;
For faith that held on to the last;
For all sweet memories of the past,—
Dear memories of my dead that send
Long thoughts of life, and of life's end,—
That make me know the light conceals
A deeper world than it reveals.

From "Success."

AN INDIAN PRINCESS

POCAHONTAS was a very beautiful child, and was loved by all the tribe over which her father ruled. Her home was in Virginia, and a very happy life she led in the sunny woods, with the birds and squirrels for her companions. In after years when she went to live far away across the sea, the memory of her childhood home seemed the sweetest thing in the world to her. It brought to her mind the songs of the birds, the beautiful flowers, the waving trees,

the bright rivers, and the fair skies that were so dear to her when she was a happy child.

Pocahontas grew up in her pleasant home, and learned to embroider her dresses and moccasins with shells and beads, and to weave mats and to cook, and to do all the things that Indian maidens were accustomed to do.

One day when she was about twelve years old, an Indian came into the village and told the people a story about a wonderful white man that had been captured some time before. He could talk to his friends many miles away by putting down words on a piece of paper and sending it to them. He had a queer little instrument by which he talked with the stars, and he told the Indians that the earth was round, and that the sun chased the nights around it continually.

They had never heard of such curious things before, and they decided that this strange being was something more than a mere man, and that perhaps it was in his power to bring evil upon them. So all the Indian priests and magicians met together and decided to take the prisoner to the great chief Powhatan, the father of Pocahontas. This man was Captain John Smith, who had already won much fame as a soldier.

With a company of men he had sailed from Eng-

land to Virginia, and had there founded the colony Jamestown. While exploring the country he had been captured by the Indians. His companions were put to death, but he saved his life by his presence of mind. When the Indians captured him he did not show any signs of fear, but began talking to them about his friends in Jamestown, and wrote a letter which he asked them to send there. Then he took out a pocket compass and showed them how to use it, and also talked to them about the shape of the earth, and its motion around the sun.

All this surprised the Indians very much. They had never seen a written letter before, and they thought that if Smith was guided through the forest by means of the compass, it was because he could talk to the stars and the sun. And then, had they not always been taught that the sun came up from the east in the morning, and went down in the west at night, never to return? They believed that a new sun came each day to light the world. So they listened to these wonderful things with great awe, and Powhatan and his council decided that it was not safe to let such a man live.

When Pocahontas heard that Captain Smith was to be put to death, she felt very sad indeed. During the time that he had been a prisoner in the village she had grown very fond of him, and it seemed a

dreadful thing that such a brave and good man should die.

Many a story had he told her of the land beyond the sea, where lived the little English boys and girls whom he had left behind him. Pocahontas was

never tired of listening to the tales of that fair England which Captain Smith loved so well. How different it was from her home, and how she would like to see those blue-eyed, fair-haired children whose lives were so unlike her own.

At length the time came when Smith was to die. After his hands and feet were bound he was stretched on the ground with his head resting upon a great stone. Beside him stood an Indian with a huge club in his hand. The weapon was lifted in the air, and in another moment it would have fallen upon Smith's head, had not Pocahontas rushed up to them. Clasping the captive's head in her arms, she begged her father with tears in her eyes to spare his life. Powhatan was touched by his daughter's sorrow and listened to her pleading. He ordered Smith's bonds taken off and said that he would spare his life. So Smith rose from the ground a free man, and was sent back to Jamestown.

You can well imagine that Captain Smith would never forget this brave Indian maid who had saved his life. And many times after that he had reason to be grateful to Pocahontas. The Jamestown settlement was in constant fear of attacks from the Indians, and more than once Pocahontas came through the forest at night to warn the English of danger. Captain Smith said that had it not been for her help, the colony would have died of starvation.

Jamestown soon became as familiar to Pocahontas as her own father's home. She often went there to offer help and counsel to the colonists, and always showed the same fondness for Captain Smith that

she had shown in early childhood. Smith was obliged to go back to England, and after he went away Pocahontas did not visit the colony any more. The English told her that he was dead, and she could not bear to go there without seeing him. But he was not dead, and the two friends were to meet once more — not in Jamestown, it is true, but in England, where Pocahontas went as the bride of the young Englishman, John Rolfe.

Pocahontas was taken by her husband to England, where she was received with great delight by the English Court. The king and queen grew very fond of her and showed her every kindness; and all the great English lords and ladies wished to see the Indian girl who had been so helpful to their countrymen in Jamestown. Every one was surprised that a girl who had been brought up among savages should have such gentle manners.

Pocahontas did not stay long in England, although she grew to love that country dearly. She and her husband decided to return to Jamestown, but just as they were about to sail Pocahontas was taken ill and died. And so Rolfe and his little son went back to America alone, and the beautiful princess was buried in England, far from her own land.

— Henrietta Christian Wright.

From "Children's Stories in American History," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

POCAHONTAS

Wearied arm and broken sword,
Wage in vain the desperate fight;
Round him press a countless horde;
He is but a single knight.
Hark! A cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
And the torch of death they light;
Ah! 'Tis hard to die of fire!
Who will shield the captive knight?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart?
Who avert the murderous blade?
From the throng, with sudden start,
See, there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight,
"Loose the chain, unbind the ring,
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right!"

Dauntlessly aside she flings
  Lifted ax and thirsty knife;
Fondly to his heart she clings
  And her bosom guards his life!
In the woods of Powhatan,
  Still 'tis told by Indian fires,
  How a daughter of their sires
Saved the captive Englishman.

—William Makepeace Thackeray.

THE HOME OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

The home life of George Washington is one of the most pleasant aspects of this great man's career. When he married Mrs. Martha Custis, her little son and daughter went with her to live at Mount Vernon. Washington was like a father to them, loving them dearly, sharing their troubles and joys, their study and play.

John Custis was six years old, and Washington soon taught him to love outdoor life. They rode miles together on horseback over the Virginia hills. The little boy learned to sit his horse well, for his stepfather was a splendid horseman. There were long canters or gallops, when they rode away to attend to some important business. Then there were the duties of a soldier to be learned, how to ride in

line, wheel his horse and keep in place, ride erect, and halt or advance instantly at a word, as if horse and rider were one.

All this John enjoyed, but he liked best the long hunting trips, when the stately General was as good company as another boy would have been. General Washington taught his young companion how to set traps and snares, how to come up to the game softly that he might not frighten it away, and many other things that are of real interest to a boy.

In his pictures, the Father of our Country always seems to us very grand and solemn; and so we love to think of him enjoying the company of this little

boy. We feel better acquainted with him than we do when we read only of his great deeds as general or as President.

Washington always kept a diary, and one day he wrote in it: "Went a-hunting with Jackey Custis, and catched a fox after three hours' chase. Found it in the creek."

Martha Custis was only four years old when her mother married General Washington. She was a very quiet, ladylike child, dressed like a little woman, her hair done up in rolls and trimmed with ornaments and feathers or ribbons. At that time, all the fine clothes had to be brought from England, and in a long list which General Washington ordered for Martha when she was six years old, we find frocks of lawn and of fine cambric, satin shoes, silver shoe-buckles, and a coat made of fashionable silk. We are glad to know that in the same list are two dolls, and a box of gingerbread, toys, and sugar images.

In those days little girls were not given much education; so Martha never went to school, but studied with her mother, worked on her sampler, and practiced on the harpsichord.

Mount Vernon was a grand old plantation. There were wide grounds like great parks, planted with fruit trees and flowers. The house was filled with fine furniture and curiosities new to the children.

There was a long gallery to play in on rainy days, and a high hill running down to the river, where they could race and run, or play in the water.

When the Washington family traveled, they went in a huge chariot drawn by four horses, and with postilions in livery. Little Martha was dressed in satins, and John wore silver shoe-buckles and a colored coat, and his hair was tied with a ribbon. On Sundays when they went to church, as they always did, they rode in a chaise. In those old days the sexton showed people to their seats, and locked them in, for there were doors to the pews. During the service he walked up and down the aisle to see that the children sat quietly and that their elders kept awake.

Martha died when she was sixteen, and not only her family mourned for her, but all the servants on the plantation used to weep when they spoke of her, for she was loved by all.

John was sent to Annapolis to be educated, and afterwards to King's College — now Columbia. He remained in college only three months, then he came home and was married. He still spent much time at Mount Vernon with his wife and the little children who came to them. He became of great use to Washington as aid-de-camp, and died of a fever just as the news of the victory of Yorktown was being carried through the country. His stepfather was

heartbroken at his loss, and when he saw his "dear Jackey" breathe his last, he threw himself on a couch and wept like a child.

Mount Vernon was very lonely now, and General Washington begged Mrs. John Custis for two of her four children to bring up as his own. She finally consented, and two more children, a girl and a boy, came to Mount Vernon to live. These were Eleanor Parke Custis and George Washington Parke Custis. The latter was familiarly called Washington.

Eleanor was two and a half years old, and not at all like the quiet little girl Martha had been. She did not like to have her hair dressed with ribbons and feathers. She did not like to sew or practice, though her grandfather, as she called him, bought her a new harpsichord, costing a thousand dollars. She was General Washington's favorite companion, and loved to go with him on long rides and walks. Little Washington came in for his share of lessons, but his grandmother tried to make them as light as possible. And so between study and play, these two children whom Washington loved grew up strong and happy, and each lived to be more than three score and ten.

We often read of the first President of the United States as the busy planter, looking after his plantation, the grave general, the wise statesman, or the

man of society; but we love sometimes to remember what a kind, loving father he was to those four children who knew no other father, and how he loved them, and cared for them, sharing their troubles and their joys. —Gussie Packard DuBois.

FRANKLIN AND THE KITE

In the very heart of the great city of Philadelphia there stood, one hundred and fifty years ago, a humble cow shed. To this shed there came, one June day, a stout middle-aged gentleman of forty-six, and a fine-looking young fellow of twenty-two. The younger man carried under his arm something that looked like a bottle or a glass jar, and the older man bore a good-sized kite.

There was thunder in the air; the clouds were gathering fast and a shower was coming up, — rather an odd time to go kite flying for fun! But these two gentlemen did not look as if they were about to fly a kite for fun. Indeed the younger man seemed troubled lest he might be seen engaging in what appeared to be childish sport. Even the older man glanced around as they neared the cow shed with the bottle and the kite, as if fearing that some one might make fun of him and his toys.

But if there had been such a person about and he

had looked at the kite the stout gentleman held so carefully, he would have seen that it was no common kite. It was made of a large silk handkerchief, and from the end of the central upright stick there extended a piece of iron wire, sharpened at the end.

The wind was strong and the silken kite sailed firmly upward, while the young man, stepping into the cow shed, set down the bottle and then stood watching his father's kite, for the two were father and son.

The storm came just as they expected, and the two stood within the shelter of the shed, anxiously watching the kite and the flying thunderclouds. The kite had been raised on a strong hempen cord, but if you had been there, too, you would have noticed that the young man's father held in his hand, attached to the hempen cord, a silken string from which hung a big door key.

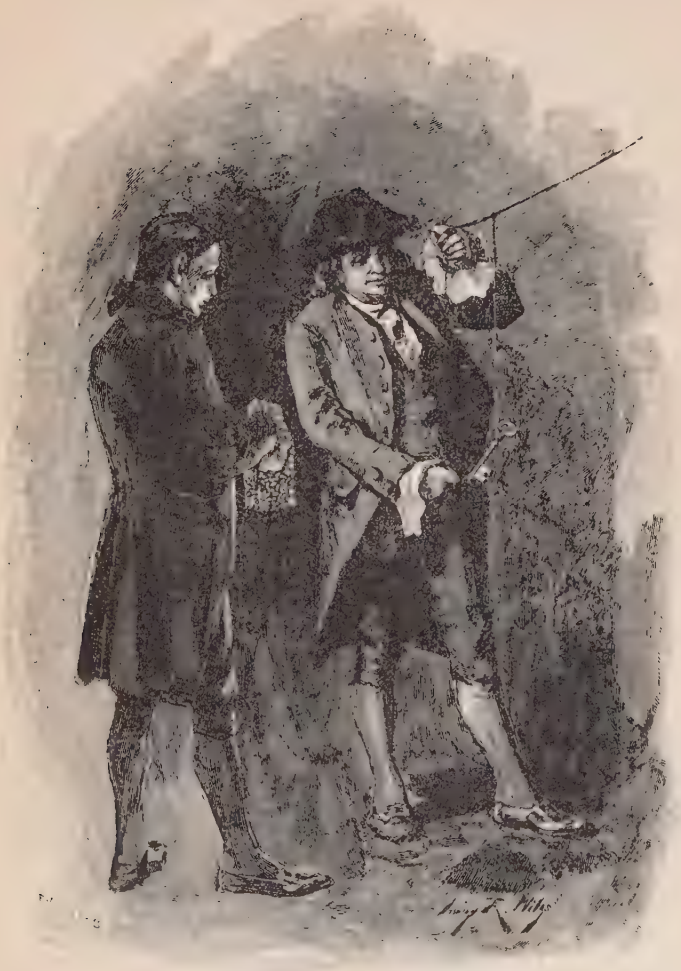
A heavy cloud came sailing directly over the kite.

"No lightning in that, father," the young man observed.

"None yet, Billy," replied his father. "But wait a little; it may come."

The rain came pouring down, and the young man looked around uneasily.

"People will think that we are crazy, — flying



FRANKLIN AND THE KITE.

kites in the rain," he said. But his father smiled serenely.

"There are crazier folks than we are, Billy," he answered, anxiously scanning the dark cloud. "You know what Poor Richard says, 'Let thy discontents be thy secrets.' Don't fret, my boy, I am watching for the lightning. If it doesn't come, we are beaten — for to-day."

It seemed for a while as if they were beaten, for there appeared to be no electricity astir in that black cloud. But they waited patiently. Then suddenly, just as the kite flyer had given a sigh of disappointment, his face brightened.

"Look, Billy!" he cried. "See the string! The fibers are rising. It's there, my boy, it's there, sure enough, and I've caught it."

Something was there, certainly. One by one the fibers of the hempen cord began to rise.

"Quick, Billy!" cried the father, as he held his knuckle to the key. "Have the jar ready. Hurrah! Did you see that? A spark, a spark, and a good one, too. Take the string and try it yourself. There! Did you feel the shock? I've proved it, boy! I've proved it! Charge the jar."

Spark after spark was drawn from the key by the knuckles of the excited pair. Then the prepared jar that Billy had brought along was held close to the

key and charged with the lightning from the thunder-cloud.

Both father and son felt an electric shock that well-nigh knocked them over. But neither of them thought of danger or knew that they were risking their lives. The philosopher had proved his theory. He had drawn down the lightning from heaven. He had demonstrated the fact that electricity exists in the clouds and can be captured from them.

At last the clouds broke. The wet kite was hauled in, and father and son went back to their pleasant home on Chestnut Street, drenched but happy. They had successfully performed a very dangerous experiment.

The kite flyer was Benjamin Franklin of Philadelphia, one of the most remarkable men that has ever lived. Indeed, there have been but very few men who knew quite so much about so many things and knew how to turn their knowledge to such good account.

Throughout his long life Franklin was always busy over something that would lighten the labors or improve the condition of his fellow-men. What he knew he had learned for himself through long, and sometimes hard, experience; but failure never discouraged him.

— Elbridge S. Brooks.

From "Historic Americans."

A CUP OF COFFEE

Alice and Ralph sat one morning at breakfast with their parents and their Uncle John. Uncle John was captain of a merchant ship and for many years had followed the sea. The children loved to hear him tell stories; for he had been all round the world, and had seen many strange sights.

"Here's this cup of coffee your mother has just poured out for me," said Captain John. "Where do you think it came from?"

"From the kitchen," replied Alice.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the sailor; "there's a matter-of-fact little housekeeper for you! The cook knows that the coffee came from the grocer's and that is all *she* knows about it; but you, Alice, ought to know something more about these common things."

"Oh, Uncle!" cried Ralph, "I have seen bags of coffee at the store marked 'Old Java'; and I know there is an island called Java near the coast of Asia; that's where it comes from!"

"Perhaps it did come from Java," replied the captain; "but labels do not always tell the truth, and most likely it was Rio coffee, because almost all our coffee comes from Rio.

"You don't know where Rio is?" he asked. "Why, Rio Janeiro is the capital city of Brazil,

in South America. See here," said the captain, taking his fork and marking on the tablecloth as if he were tracing a map; "here is the great seaport of New York. Three years ago we sailed from here to Rio for a cargo of coffee, taking out calicoes and hardware in exchange. This is the course we held, — a southerly course down the Atlantic, past these islands where oranges and bananas grow —"

"That's the West Indies," interrupted Ralph.

"Yes; and across the line —"

"The line! What line?" inquired Alice.

"Why, the equator," replied the captain. "Not that there is any real line on the sea or on the land, either; but when ships pass the equator, we call it crossing the line. The sailors have a great deal of fun when they cross the line. Some of them dress up oddly and get into a boat, and then pretend to hail the ship. They give a little present to the captain, and dance on the deck, and have very rough sports.

"Perhaps you know that for a long distance on each side of the equator the weather is always very hot. Well, we were at last off the coast of Brazil, and soon dropped anchor in the beautiful harbor of Rio Janeiro. It took us several days to make the voyage from New York — a distance, as we reckoned it, of about five thousand miles."

"And it was there you visited the coffee plantation we have heard you speak of, was it not?" inquired the children's father.

"Yes; while our ship was loading, I accepted the invitation of a friend of mine to go to his plantation. It was in February, the coffee berry was ripe, and the gathering had begun."

"Oh, Uncle! February!" exclaimed Alice. "Why, the snow is on the ground in February!"

"You will have to begin to study geography, Alice, and then you will learn that in the countries south of the equator the seasons are just the opposite of ours. Our winter is their summer, and their summer is our winter.

"Well, as I was saying, the coffee bushes, — and handsome bushes they are, about as large as small plum trees, with leaves of dark, shining green, and white flowers, — the coffee bushes were full of ripened fruit. Get me a coffee bean, Ralph. You see this kernel; it has a flat side. Now, there was a twin grain that fitted this one, and the two, as they grew on the bush, were shut up in a soft red pulp like a cherry. The negroes gather these berries in deep baskets, and lay them on large flat stones, where the grains are spread out to dry after the red juicy part is rubbed off. In Brazil there are thousands of these plantations, where great quantities of the dried coffee

are put up in bags and sent to Rio Janeiro to be shipped to all parts of the world."

"Well, Uncle, you returned to New York with your cargo. What did you do with it then?"

"Yes; it was taken by merchants who sold it to the people; and if this coffee," said Uncle John, taking a sip, "if this coffee did not come in my ship, it came in the same way in some other ship."

"Now, Uncle," said Ralph, "as you have been all over the world, and know where everything grows, please tell me where the sugar we put into our coffee comes from."

"With pleasure, my lad. Many plants contain sugar. Millions of pounds of sugar are made from the common sugar beet; but much of our sugar is made from the sugar cane."

"I have seen a picture of a field of sugar cane, and the negroes working in it, Uncle," said Alice.

"Probably it was a scene in the island of Cuba, one of the West Indies. A great deal of the sugar used in the world comes from Cuba. Or the picture may have been a scene in Louisiana. But wherever it was, a field of sugar cane in blossom is one of the prettiest sights I ever saw."

"What is the difference, Uncle," asked Ralph, "between brown sugar and white sugar? Do they come from different kinds of cane?"

"Not at all; let me tell you. When the cane is right for cutting down, it is stripped of its tops and leaves, cut up into short pieces, tied into bundles, and taken to the mill. Here the canes are crushed between iron rollers, somewhat as apples are in making cider; and the juice is then boiled into sirup in large shallow pans. Next it is stirred in coolers until it turns to grains. Then it is put into hogsheads having holes bored in the bottom, and these are placed endwise over a large cistern and left to drain. In this state it is brown sugar, and the drainings are molasses. Now, white sugar is merely brown sugar refined, or boiled over again, and worked white."

"Why doesn't the sugar cane grow here?" asked Alice.

"For the simple reason," replied the captain, "that the sugar cane is a very tender plant, and will grow only where there is little or no frost. The sugar cane thrives only within the tropics, or on their borders."

The captain now lifted his silver spoon, and, looking at it, said: "As you have set me talking, I may as well tell you that this spoon with which we stir our coffee has a history. We get the spoon from the jeweler's, to be sure, as we get our coffee from the grocer's; but what of the metal before the silversmith wrought it into this useful shape? I think

that it came from some place in the western part of our country. In the mountains of that region are the richest silver mines in the world. And sometime I will describe to you how the ore is taken out from mines deep down in the earth, — how it is crushed by the giant force of machines, called stamp mills, — and how it is molded into bars, and made ready for coining into money or for making into silverware."

"Can't you tell the children about the cups we are drinking from?" said the captain's sister, a little proudly. "You gave me this set of cups and saucers ten years ago, when you came back from a voyage to China, and the children have often asked me about them."

"Well," continued the captain, "these did come from China, though most of the ware called China ware has nothing Chinese about it except the name. Nor indeed is there any need of our going to that far-off land for our crockery, when such excellent ware is made in our own country. Still, the name reminds us that the Chinese first taught us the art of making cups and saucers, which, as you know, are made of a fine white clay, ornamented and baked; but they require great skill in making."

"Now, children," said the father, "you see your uncle has shown you that for this single cup of coffee we have drawn on a large part of the world."

"Yes," continued the captain, "if we could at one view see all the hands that have been at work in getting this cup of coffee ready for us, we should see a great multitude. The farmer, the sailor, the miner, the artisan, the merchant, as well as the cook, have all had a part in the work. Wouldn't it be a sight indeed to see them all at work at one time? What a panorama it would be!" —WILLIAM SWINTON.

TRAVEL

I SHOULD like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats;—
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar;—
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum;—

Where are forests hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and coconuts
And the negro hunters' huts;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies
Hunting fish before his eyes;—
Where in jungles near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin;—
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man,
With a camel caravan;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room;
See the pictures on the walls,

Heroes, fights, and festivals;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

From "A Child's Garden of Verses."

THE GOOD SAXON KING

Alfred the Great was a young man three and twenty years of age when he became king of England. Twice in his childhood he had been taken to Rome, where the Saxon nobles were in the habit of going on pilgrimages, and once he had stayed for some time in Paris. Learning, however, was so little cared for in those days that at twelve years of age he had not been taught to read, although he was the favorite son of King Ethelwulf.

But like most men who grew up to be great and good, he had an excellent mother. One day this lady, whose name was Osburga, happened, as she sat among her sons, to read a book of Saxon poetry. The art of printing was not known until long after that period. The book, which was written, was illuminated with beautiful, bright letters, richly painted.

The brothers admiring it very much, their mother said, "I will give it to that one of you who first learns to read."

Alfred sought out a tutor that very day, applied himself to learn with great diligence, and soon won the book. He was proud of it all his life.

This great king, in the first year of his reign, fought nine battles with the Danes. He made some treaties with them, too, by which the false Danes swore that they would quit the country. They pretended that they had taken a very solemn oath, but they thought nothing of breaking oaths and treaties, too, as soon as it suited their purpose, and of coming back again to fight, plunder, and burn.

One fatal winter, in the fourth year of King Alfred's reign, the Danes spread themselves in great numbers over England. They so dispersed the king's soldiers, that Alfred was left alone, and was obliged to disguise himself as a common peasant, and to take refuge in the cottage of one of his cowherds, who did not know him.

Here King Alfred, while the Danes sought him far and near, was left alone one day by the cowherd's wife, to watch some cakes which she put to bake upon the hearth. But the king was at work upon his bow and arrows, with which he hoped to punish the false Danes when a brighter time should come. He was thinking deeply, too, of his poor, unhappy subjects, whom the Danes chased through the land. And so his noble mind forgot the cakes, and they were burnt.

"What!" said the cowherd's wife, who scolded him well when she came back, and little thought she was scolding the king. "You will be ready enough to eat them by and by; and yet you cannot watch them, idle dog!"

At length the Devonshire men made head against a new host of Danes who landed on their coast. They killed the Danish chief, and captured the famous flag, on which was the likeness of a raven. The loss of this standard troubled the Danes greatly. They believed it to be enchanted, for it had been woven by the three daughters of their king in a single afternoon. And they had a story among themselves, that when they were victorious in battle, the raven would stretch his wings and seem to fly; and that when they were defeated, he would droop.

It was important to know how numerous the Danes were, and how they were fortified. And so King Alfred, being a good musician, disguised himself as a minstrel, and went with his harp to the Danish camp. He played and sang in the very tent of Guthrum, the Danish leader, and entertained the Danes as they feasted. While he seemed to think of nothing but his music, he was watchful of their tents, their arms, their discipline, — everything that he desired to know.

Right soon did this great king entertain them to

a different tune. Summoning all his true followers to meet him at an appointed place, he put himself at their head, marched on the Danish camp, defeated the Danes, and besieged them fourteen days to prevent their escape.

But, being as merciful as he was good and brave, he then, instead of killing them, proposed peace, — on condition that they should all depart from that western part of England, and settle in the eastern. Guthrum was an honorable chief, and forever afterward he was loyal and faithful to the king. The Danes under him were faithful, too. They plundered

and burned no more, but plowed and sowed and reaped, and led good honest lives. And the children of those Danes played many a time with Saxon children in the sunny fields; and their elders, Danes and Saxons, sat by the red fire in winter, talking of King Alfred the Great.

But all the Danes were not like these under Guthrum. After some years, more of them came over in the old plundering, burning way. Among them was a fierce pirate named Hastings, who had the boldness to sail up the Thames with eighty ships.

For three years there was war with these Danes; and there was a famine in the country, too, and a plague, upon both human creatures and beasts.

But King Alfred, whose mighty heart never failed him, built large ships, with which to pursue the pirates on the sea. He encouraged his soldiers by his brave example, to fight valiantly against them on the shore. At last he drove them all away; and then there was repose in England.

As great and good in peace as he was great and good in war, King Alfred never rested from his labors to improve his people. He loved to talk with clever men, and with travelers from foreign countries, and to write down what they told him for his people to read. He had studied Latin after learning to read English. And now one of his labors was to trans-

late Latin books into the English-Saxon tongue, that his people might be improved by reading them.

He made just laws that his people might live more happily and freely. He turned away all partial judges that no wrong might be done. He punished robbers so severely that it was a common thing to say that under the great King Alfred garlands of golden chains and jewels might have hung across the streets and no man would have touched them. He founded schools. He patiently heard causes himself in his court of justice. The great desires of his heart were, to do right to all his subjects, and to leave England better, wiser, and happier in all ways than he had found it.

His industry was astonishing. Every day he divided into portions, and in each portion devoted himself to a certain pursuit. That he might divide his time exactly, he had wax torches or candles made, all of the same size and notched across at regular distances. These candles were always kept burning, and as they burned down he divided the day into notches, almost as accurately as we now divide it into hours upon the clock.

But it was found that the wind and draughts of air, blowing into the palace through the doors and windows, caused the candles to burn unequally. To prevent this the king had them put into cases formed

of wood and white horn. And these were the first lanterns ever made in England.

King Alfred died in the year 901; but as long ago as that is, his fame, and the love and gratitude with which his subjects regarded him, are freshly remembered to the present hour.

— Charles Dickens.

From "A Child's History of England."

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

I

It is early morning in a small village in France. The flowers lift their dewy faces to the sunshine. In an old orchard the birds are warbling as if to waken the people in the little cottage near by.

The older members of the family have been up since daybreak, and the father and mother are already at work in the fields. The grandmother is preparing a simple breakfast for the children, who are still sleeping.

When it is almost ready she goes to waken them. Her eldest grandson half opens his sleepy eyes and sees his grandmother in her linen cap and white apron bending over him. He hears her say: "Wake up, my little François. The birds have long been singing."

The village where Jean François Millet lived was

built on the cliffs near the sea. Looking outward, only rough waves dashing against the rocky coast could be seen. Looking inland, the country was pleasant and fruitful. Low houses clustered among woods and apple orchards. Quaint old churches stood on hilltops, and in the sheltered valleys the grass grew fresh and green.

While the father and mother worked in the fields, the good grandmother kept the house and cared for the children. She repeated for them many stories from the Bible, and often told them of the life of good Saint Francis for whom little François had been named.

During his early childhood François spent much time with his uncle, who was a priest. This good man often helped in the work of the farm. He plowed, and sowed, and reaped, mowed grass, and made hay, singing as he worked. How the children loved to be with their uncle in the fields! They trudged along after him in the broad furrows as he plowed, and in the evening, standing at his side, they learned to read.

When Jean François was only seven years old, this uncle died. The good man had owned a few books, and these the little boy read again and again. Best of all he liked the pictures in the books, and many a rainy day he spent in his room copying the

prints in the old Bible which had belonged to his uncle.

At school he filled his copy book with pictures. The walls and floor of his home were covered with his sketches, and even his little wooden shoes were ornamented with landscapes and with figures of men and animals.

Once his father asked his children what they would do when they grew up. "I mean to make pictures of men," answered François.

But Jean François was the eldest boy in the family, and his help was needed by his father in the field. How tired he was as he raked the hay in the hot sun, and he wished that the long day would come to a close!

Sometimes François and his father ate their lunch in the shade of a big tree, and talked together of the beauties around them. The father taught his son to notice the fineness of the grass blades and the strength and beauty of the great trees.

One afternoon the lad stood at his father's side watching the setting sun sink into the ocean. The western sky was all aglow with purple and crimson, and great bars of golden light stretched across the horizon. The father bowed his head, saying, "My son, it is God." The boy never forgot the glory of the scene nor his father's words.

One Sunday afternoon, when Jean François was almost a young man, he saw an old peasant slowly walking with the aid of a staff. François took a piece of charcoal from his pocket and in a few minutes drew an exact likeness of the old man on a stone wall by the wayside.

The neighbors gathered around and all had words of praise for the picture. The father alone looked on in silence, and a few days later he called the lad to him.

"My son," he said, "I see that thou wouldst like to be a painter. Well, I know that it is a fine trade. I would gladly have sent thee long ago to study painting, but I could not. Thou art the eldest of my boys, and I have much need of thee. But I will no longer keep thee at home. We will visit an artist in the town, and he will tell us if thou hast talent enough to be a painter of pictures."

II

How happy François was as he set off for the town with his father. Never before had the sunlight seemed so bright or the birds sung so sweetly. He turned again and again to wave his hand to his mother, but he did not see the tears in her eyes as she watched him leave the old home.

On reaching the town, François went with his

father to the studio of an artist. The artist was amazed at the excellence of the boy's drawings, and he was glad to take François into his studio as a pupil.

Two happy months passed, and then François was called home by the death of his father. And now the boy felt that he must give up his lessons. He decided that it was his duty, as the eldest son, to remain at home and manage the farm. But the good grandmother would not allow this. "My François," she said, "your father wished you to be a painter. Obey him and go back to your lessons." And so once more the boy bade his mother and grandmother good-by and returned to his work.

For two years he studied in the town near his home. His mother and grandmother gave him all their savings and sent him to Paris to study, for they dreamed that their boy might become a great artist.

For some days after reaching the great city François wandered about the streets, but he was not long in finding the place he most wished to visit. It was a great picture gallery. There he studied the pictures of the master painters, and then in the libraries he read about their lives.

After a time he painted and studied all day long in his teacher's studio. His fellow-students laughed

at his rough clothes and his bushy hair. But he went on diligently with his work, and it was not long before his pictures were admired by his companions.

François liked best to paint peasants and country scenes, but the people in gay Paris did not care to buy such pictures. Months and even years passed, and still the young artist toiled on through discouragement and poverty.

In those hard days, how precious were the letters from home! He was cheered by news of his brothers and sisters and of the little village where he had spent his boyhood. The letters of his good grandmother brought tears to his eyes.

"My dear boy," she often said, "I would rather hear that you were dead than that you were unfaithful to the laws of God."

At last some of his pictures found sale, although at low prices. And now he was not so poor and he could have a home of his own. He went to the beautiful village of Barbizon, not far from Paris. There he lived with his family for the remainder of his life, and there he painted his greatest pictures.

Jean François Millet lived the simple life of a peasant. He loved to watch the peasants in the fields and to paint them at their work. Every year he sent paintings to Paris, and at last people began to like his pictures.

One of his best paintings is called "The Gleaners." It shows a broad wheat field. There has been a plentiful harvest. In the distance can be seen the stacks of golden grain. Three women slowly cross

THE ANGELUS. FROM THE PAINTING BY MILLET.

the field. Their rough dresses and wooden shoes tell how poor they are. They carefully gather up all the stalks which the reapers have let fall, and they will not rest until they have gleaned the whole field.

Perhaps the best loved of Millet's pictures is "The Angelus." In France the church bell rings at the close of day. When the peasants hear it, they drop their work and bow their heads in prayer. This bell is called the Angelus.

In the picture we see a man and a woman in the field. They have been filling sacks with potatoes. In the distance is the spire of the little village church. The Angelus has just chimed out the hour of evening prayer, and the peasants have paused in their work to thank God for his goodness.

Millet received one hundred dollars for this great picture, but after his death it was sold for one hundred thousand dollars. The Angelus was sent from city to city, and great crowds of people went to see it. The sight of the poor peasant people at prayer brought tears to the eyes of many. We wish that the painter of this famous picture might have lived to hear the words of praise that it received.

Millet lived for twenty-six years in the village of Barbizon. There he died in 1875, at the age of sixty-one. After his death his portrait was modeled in brass and placed high on a rock in the forest near his old home.

—Kathrine Lois Scobey.

From "Stories of Great Artists."

DOCTOR JOHNSON AND HIS FATHER

SCENE FIRST

It is in a little bookshop in the city of Lichfield, England. The floor has just been swept and the shutter taken down from the one small window. The hour is early, and customers have not yet begun to drop in. Out of doors the rain is falling.

At a small table near the door, a feeble, white-haired old man is making up some packages of books. As he arranges them in a large basket, he stops now and then as though disturbed by pain. He puts his hand to his side; he coughs in a most distressing way; then he sits down and rests himself, leaning his elbows upon the table.

"Samuel!" he calls.

In the farther corner of the room there is a young man busily reading from a large book that is spread open before him. He is a very odd-looking fellow perhaps eighteen years of age, but you would take him to be older. He is large and awkward, with a great round face, scarred and marked by a strange disease. His eyesight must be poor, for, as he reads, he bends down until his face is quite near the printed page.

"Samuel!" again the old man calls.

But Samuel makes no reply. He is so deeply interested in his book that he does not hear. The old man rests himself a little longer and then finishes tying his packages. He lifts the heavy basket and sets it on the table. The exertion brings on another fit of coughing; and when it is over he calls for the third time, "Samuel!"

"What is it, father?" This time the call is heard.

"You know, Samuel," he says, "that to-morrow is market day at Uttoxeter, and our stall must be attended to. Some of our friends will be there to look at the new books which they expect me to bring. One of us must go down on the stage this morning and get everything in readiness. But I hardly feel able for the journey. My cough troubles me quite a little, and you see that it is raining very hard."

"Yes, father, I am sorry," answers Samuel; and his face is again bent over the book.

"I thought perhaps you would go down to the market, and that I might stay here at the shop," says his father. But Samuel does not hear. He is deep in the study of some Latin classic.

The old man goes to the door and looks out. The rain is still falling. He shivers, and buttons his coat.

It is a twenty-mile ride to Uttoxeter. In five minutes the stage will pass the door.

"Samuel, will you not go down to the market for me this time?"

The old man is putting on his great coat.

He is reaching for his hat.

The basket is on his arm.

He casts a beseeching glance at his son, hoping that he will relent at the last moment.

"Here comes the coach, Samuel;" and the old man is choked by another fit of coughing.

Whether Samuel hears or not, I do not know. He is still reading, and he makes no sign nor motion.

The stage comes rattling down the street.

The old man with his basket of books staggers out of the door. The stage halts for a moment while he climbs inside. Then the driver swings his whip, and all are away.

Samuel, in the shop, still bends over his book.

Out of doors the rain is falling.

SCENE SECOND

Just fifty years have passed, and again it is market day at Uttoxeter.

The rain is falling in the streets. The people who have wares to sell huddle under the eaves and in the stalls and booths that have roofs above them.

A chaise from Lichfield pulls up at the entrance to the market square.

An old man alights. One would guess him to be seventy years of age. He is large, and not well shaped. His face is seamed and scarred, and he makes strange grimaces as he clambers out of the chaise. He wheezes and puffs as though afflicted with asthma. He walks with the aid of a heavy stick.

With slow but ponderous strides he enters the market place and looks around. He seems not to know that the rain is falling.

He looks at the little stalls ranged along the walls of the market place. Some have roofs over them and are the centers of noisy trade. Others have fallen into disuse and are empty.

The stranger halts before one of the latter. "Yes, this is it," he says. He has a strange habit of talking aloud to himself. "I remember it well. It was here that my father, on certain market days, sold books to the clergy of the county. The good men came from every parish to see his wares and to hear him describe their contents."

He turns abruptly around. "Yes, this is the place," he repeats.

He stands quite still and upright, directly in front of the little old stall. He takes off his hat and holds it beneath his arm. He bows his head and clasps his hands. His great walking stick escapes his grasp

and falls into the gutter. He does not seem to know that the rain is falling.

The clock in the tower above the market strikes eleven. The passers-by stop and gaze at the stranger. The market people peer at him from their booths and

stalls. Some laugh as the rain runs in streams down his scarred old cheeks. Rain, is it? Or can it be tears?

Boys hoot at him. Some of the ruder ones even hint at throwing mud; but a sense of shame withholds them from the act.

"He is a poor lunatic. Let him alone," say the more compassionate.

The rain falls upon his bare head and his broad shoulders. He is drenched and chilled. But he stands motionless and silent, looking neither to the right nor to the left.

"Who is that old fool?" asks a thoughtless young man, who chances to be passing.

"Do you ask who he is?" answers a gentleman from London. "Why, he is Dr. Samuel Johnson, the most famous man in England. It was he who wrote 'Rasselas,' and the 'Lives of the Poets,' and 'Irene,' and many another work that all men are praising. It was he who made the great 'English Dictionary,' the most wonderful book of our times. In London, the noblest lords and ladies take pleasure in doing him honor. He is the literary lion of England."

"Then why does he come to Uttoxeter and stand thus in the pouring rain?"

"I cannot tell you; but doubtless he has reasons for doing so;" and the gentleman passes on.

At length there is a lull in the storm. The birds are chirping among the housetops. The people wonder if the rain is over, and venture out into the slippery street.

The clock strikes twelve. The renowned stranger has stood a whole hour motionless in the market place. The sound of the bell appears to arouse him. He looks up at the rain which is still falling.

Slowly now he returns his hat to his head. He finds his walking stick where it had fallen. He lifts his eyes reverently for a moment, and then, with a lordly, lumbering motion, walks down the street to meet the chaise which is ready to return to Lichfield.

We follow him, through the pattering rain, to his native town, and to the same street where we first made his acquaintance.

"Why, Dr. Johnson!" exclaims the lady with whom he is visiting; "we have missed you all day. And you are so wet and chilled! Where have you been?"

"Madam," says the great man, "fifty years ago, this very day, I tacitly refused to oblige or obey my father. The thought of the pain which I must have caused him has haunted me ever since. To endeavor in some measure to do away the sin of that hour, I this morning went in a chaise to Uttoxeter, and did do penance publicly before the stall which my father had formerly used."

The great man bows his head upon his hands and sobs.

Out of doors the rain is falling.

—James Baldwin.

From "Thirty More Famous Stories."

MY CHILDHOOD ON THE ISLAND

I WELL remember my first sight of White Island where we took up our abode when I was five years old. How delightful was that long first sail to the Isle of Shoals! How pleasant the sound of the ripples against the boat side as we sat perched among the household goods with which the little craft was laden!

It was at sunset that we were put ashore on that lonely rock where the lighthouse looked down on us like some tall black-capped giant. The stars were beginning to twinkle, and the salt air blew cold from the sea.

Some one began to light the lamps in the high lighthouse tower. Rich red and golden they swung around in mid air; everything was strange and fascinating and new.

We entered the quaint little old stone cottage that was for six years our home. How curious it seemed, with its low, whitewashed ceiling, and deep window seats showing the great thickness of the walls made to withstand the breakers.

A blissful home the little house became to the children who entered it that quiet evening and slept for the first time lulled by the murmur of the encircling sea. I do not think a happier triad ever existed than

we were, living in that profound isolation. It takes little to make a healthy child happy, and we never wearied of our few resources.

In the long, covered walk that bridged the gorge between the lighthouse and the house, we played on stormy days. Every evening it was a fresh excitement to watch the lighting of the lamps, and to see the colored rays shine out over the sea. In the great lantern there were fifteen lamps, ten of them golden and five red.

As I grew older I was allowed to help in caring for the lights in the tower, and sometimes to kindle them myself. It was a pleasure to think how far the lighthouse sent its rays and how many hearts it gladdened with its warning light of safety.

Once or twice every year came the old black, lumbering, oil boat that brought supplies for the lighthouse, and the inspector who gravely examined everything to see if all was in order.

He left clear red-and-white glass chimneys for the lamps, soft skins for polishing the great silver-lined reflectors, large bundles of wicks and various pairs of scissors for trimming them. All these together with heavy casks of whale oil were stored away in the round dimly lighted rooms of the lighthouse tower.

The winters seemed as long as a whole year to our little minds, but they were pleasant, nevertheless.

Into the deep window seats we climbed, made holes in the thick frost on the windowpane, and peeped out at the bright, fierce, windy weather.

We watched the vessels scudding over the dark blue sea, all feather white where the short waves broke hissing in the cold, and the sea fowl soaring aloft or tossing on the water. Sometimes the round head of a seal moved about among the rocks, but the seals were even more shy than the birds.

We hardly saw a human face beside our own all winter. But by the fireside with plants and singing birds and books and playthings the cold and stormy season wore itself at last away.

We waited for the spring with eager longing; the advent of the growing grass, the birds and flowers and insect life, the soft skies and softer winds, — these things brought us unspeakable bliss.

In the spring came life to our lonely dwelling. Our neighbors on the mainland paddled across bringing us letters, newspapers, magazines, and told us the news of months. With the first warm days we built our little mountains of wet gravel on the beach, and danced after the sandpipers to the edge of the foaming waves. We fashioned rude boats of bits of driftwood and set them adrift on the great deep.

We launched fleets of purple mussel shells on the still pools in the rocks, left by the tide, — pools that

were like bits of fallen rainbow with tints of delicate seaweed, crimson, and green and ruddy brown, and violet. Rosy and lilac starfish clung to the sides of the rocks, little forests of moss grew up in stillness, gold-colored shells crept about, and now and then flashed the silvery fins of slender minnows.

With crab and limpet, with grasshopper and cricket, we made friends and neighbors, and we were never tired of watching the land spiders that possessed the place. Their webs covered every windowpane to the lighthouse top, and they rebuilt them as fast as they were swept down.

I remember in the spring kneeling down on the ground to seek the first blades of grass that pricked through the soil and bringing them into the house to study and wonder over. Whence came their color? How did they draw their sweet refreshing tint from the brown earth or the limpid air, or the white light?

Few flowers bloomed for me upon the lonesome rock, but I made the most of all I had. Ah, how beautiful they were! Tiny stars of crimson sorrel threaded on their long brown stems. The blackberry blossoms in bridal white, the blue-eyed grass, and the crow-foot flowers like drops of yellow gold spilt about among the short grass and over the moss. Dandelions, buttercups, and clover were not denied to us, though we had no daisies nor violets nor wild roses.

Many a summer morning have I crept out of the still house before any one was awake, and climbed to the top of a high cliff to watch the sunrise. Pale grew the lighthouse flame before the broadening day as I watched the shadows draw away and morning break. Facing the east and south, with all the Atlantic before me, what happiness was mine!

Infinite variety of beauty always awaited me. Coming back in the sunshine, the morning glories would lift up their faces, all awake, to my adoring gaze. It seemed as if they had gathered the peace of the golden morning in their still depths, ever as my heart had gathered it.

Even then I longed to speak those things that made life so sweet, to speak the wind, the cloud, the bird's flight, the sea's murmur. A vain longing, but ever the wish grew.

— Celia Thaxter.

From "Child Life on the Isle of Shoals."

THE SANDPIPER'S NEST

One lovely afternoon in May, when I was wandering up and down looking for flowers, I heard a cry of distress. In a moment a little sandpiper crept from under a bush, dragging itself along as if every bone in its body had been broken.

Its wings drooped and its legs hung as if almost

lifeless. It uttered cries of pain and kept just out of the reach of my hand, fluttering along as if wounded.

Suddenly I remembered that this was only the sandpiper's way of concealing from me a nest. Her object was to make me follow her by pretending she could not fly, and so lead me away from her treasure.

Then I carefully looked around for the nest and found it quite close to my feet. Mrs. Sandpiper had only drawn together a few leaves, brown and glossy, a little green moss, and a twig or two, and that was a pretty enough house for her.

Four eggs about as large as those of a robin were within. No wonder I did not see them, for they were pale green like the moss, with brown spots the color of the leaves and twigs.

I could not admire them enough, but in order to remove all fear from my little friend, the sandpiper, I came very soon away, wondering that so very small a head could contain so much cunning.

—Celia Thaxter.

THE SANDPIPER

Across the lonely beach we flit,
  One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
  The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.

The wild waves reach their hands for it,
The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
Scud black and swift across the sky;
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
Stand out the white lighthouses high.

Almost as far as eye can reach
I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along
Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
Nor flash of fluttering drapery.

He has no thought of any wrong;
He scans me with a fearless eye;
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
To what warm shelter canst thou fly?

I do not fear for thee, though wroth
The tempest rushes through the sky;
For are we not God's children both,
Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

—Celia Thaxter.

CHRISTMAS IN OTHER LANDS

It is more than nineteen hundred years since there lay in the manger, at Bethlehem, the Child whose birthday is the day of days to the children of Christendom. Every year the message flies around the world, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

Christmas is a joyous season to children everywhere. Not only in our own land, but in lands beyond the sea, little voices swell the chorus until the great round earth seems to be filled with joy and gladness.

The day before Christmas in Norway is a busy one. Out of doors the men are preparing the Yule wood which must be perfectly dry, cut into even smooth sticks, and placed under the bench that extends the whole length of the living room. After this has been done, the men go up on the mountain side and cut down a load of fir trees. The branches, except a tuft of them at the top, are stripped off. These trees are then set up all around the low

house. A pretty sight they make, especially if the snow falls upon them in the night.

In the house the women are flying about — scouring, and decorating floor, furniture, and walls. They suspend from the ceiling a crown of straw, from which dangle shreds of bright-colored cloth of green, red, and blue. The gable end of the room is hung with cloth on which Scriptural scenes are pictured. The floor is covered with wisps of rye straw, in memory of the stable in which Christ was born. Polished copper and pewter vessels are neatly arranged on the shelves, and the best clothes hung in regular order on a long pole where the Yule fire may shine upon them. Great oblong loaves of Yule bread are browning in the oven with the round cakes of rye bread.

And the children! What are they doing? Oh, they are everywhere, their eyes glistening with excitement, hands and feet not still a moment. They must bring in the straw, help polish the cups, gather up the branches cut off from the trees — help here and help there.

Then they have some special work of their own to do. Every gable and post must bear its Christmas sheaf to-morrow for the birds that are already chattering about the feast to come. They will be here in large flocks in the morning, and will waken these little boys and girls with their Christmas carol.

The children have gleaned the grain from the harvest fields long before. How they enjoy climbing about to fasten the sheaves to gable and post! How they laugh to see the eager birds nod from their perches!

Now it is growing dark, and the children must go with the women to the cow house. They give

the cattle their best forage, and say to each one, as they put a new collar on her neck, "This is Christmas Eve, little one."

Then they proceed to the stable where they give the horses their choicest hay. The fowls are re-

membered with bits of food, and the watch dog is set free on this one night of the year. For these good folks say, "All creatures should have cause to rejoice on Christmas Eve."

Soon the fires are lighted, the Bible is read, and the merriment begins. The children keep running to the door as if they expected some one, and clap their hands with delight when they hear a bell ring just outside. They spring to throw open the door and welcome an old man and an old woman, a queer-looking couple.

These old people are grotesquely dressed, but they are most beautiful to the children, whose great round eyes sparkle with delight. The woman carries a large basket of sealed packages. She hands out each package to the one whose name it bears, and when her basket is empty, disappears to return with a new supply. The name of the giver is not attached to the presents, and there is great fun guessing and questioning one another. The gifts themselves are usually very simple.

Music, dancing, and games follow, and supper at ten o'clock. Before supper grace is said and the meal closes with a psalm. All the family must sleep under the same roof, and the children on rye straw. The candles and fire must burn until morning, and the remains be kept until the next Christmas.

In Germany Christmas is a home festival, a day sacred to the children. Oh, the Christmas in the heart, the Christmas of the home, the sweet simple Christmas we find in Germany, the land of the Christmas tree!

The day before Christmas the streets seem a forest of moving fir trees. One is carried to every house, and many to the graves in the churchyard. No family is without a Christmas tree, for here the rich provide for the poor. Baskets of sweetmeats and a tree will be sent to every humble home.

Each family circle will be shut in from the world on Christmas Eve — but the love is not shut in. That has been spreading itself abroad for many a day, and all the sweeter is each Christmas because other and poorer homes have been remembered. So sacred is the family circle to-night that we hesitate even to look in upon it, but we cannot resist the radiant happy faces of the children that need the light of no Yule log to brighten them.

For a few days there have been many quaking hearts, but to-night, Kristine, a beautiful maiden in white, has just come to grant forgiveness to all the boys and girls.

She is about to open the door into the room where stands the wonderful tree! Could eyes of children open wider? There it stands, a blaze of glory!

Lighted with a hundred candles of all colors, glittering with gold and silver balls and spangles, and laden with bright-colored toys and knickknacks without number.

Under the tree is a miniature landscape made of moss and tiny trees, with mountains, valleys, meadows, and brooks, sheep and cattle browsing in the fields, a stable, the manger, Joseph and Mary sitting by it, shepherds in the distance, and a star.

No wonder the little ones are breathless for a moment! Then how they clap their hands, laugh and hop about! Most beautiful sight of all, they throw their arms about mother, about father, about grandmother and grandfather, and about each other, and kisses fall like rain.

—Alice Woodworth Cooley.

"WHILE SHEPHERDS WATCHED THEIR FLOCKS BY NIGHT"

Like small curled feathers, white and soft,
The little clouds went by,
Across the moon, and past the stars,
And down the western sky:
In upland pastures, where the grass
With frosted dew was white,
Like snowy clouds, the young sheep lay,
That first, best Christmas night.

The shepherds slept; and glimmering faint,
With twist of thin, blue smoke,
Only their fire's crackling flames
The tender silence broke —
Save where a young lamb raised his head,
Or, when the night wind blew,
A nesting bird would softly stir,
Where dusky olives grew.

With fingers on her solemn lip,
Night hushed the shadowy earth,
And only stars and angels saw
The little Savior's birth;
Then came such flash of silver light
Across the bending skies,
That wondering shepherds woke, and hid
Their frightened, dazzled eyes!

And all their gentle sleepy flock
Looked up, then slept again,
Nor knew the light that dimmed the stars
Brought endless Peace to men —
Nor even heard the gracious words
That down the ages ring —
"The Christ is born! the Lord has come,
Good will on earth to bring!"

— Margaret Deland.

TRACKS IN THE SNOW

We have had a touch of the north pole this winter. Old Boreas has been far south, and with him have come snow and cold weather. It has been a glorious winter for the boys and girls with their skates and sleds. It would seem, however, that these icy storms would be too severe for the little birds and the other shy people of the fields. But if any of you have been out into the fields or the woods this winter, you have no doubt seen that they are still alive.

When the ground is white with snow, an animal cannot move out of its hiding place for a walk without letting every one who comes that way know it. And wherever a bird has stopped upon the ground even for a moment, it has left us a record that we can read if we only know its alphabet.

Long ago the Egyptians used to make very curious marks when they wished to write a story, but the letters that birds use are more curious and interesting than theirs. These letters are made by the little feet that patter in the snow, leaving tracks, each one of which will spell its own story. I always like to go out after a light, moist snow has fallen and try to read the meaning of these tracks. When we see a dog sniffing along with his nose to the ground, we know that he is reading records that are hidden from

us. I envy the dog his wonderful sense that gives him power to read stories from the ground when to me it seems perfectly bare. But when the snow comes, I can read the track records as well as he, — perhaps better. On a short walk I found all the things I am now telling you about.

The first record which caught my eye was what seemed a double row of little tracks. On closer examination I could see that each track had been made by two feet, and that between the rows of prints

there was an imperfect trail where the animal had dragged his tail. A mouse had made this record, and I was able to trace the trail back to the building from which I had just come. So I saw that one of my near neighbors had also been out for a walk.

Out in the open field, where rye had been grown last season, I found many tracks that told me that the birds had been there hunting for food. In the deeper snow the tracks were very indistinct. The little birds could hardly hop high enough to lift their feet above the surface, and the dry snow had tumbled into the prints made by their feet, leaving imperfect trails behind. Some places were marked over with double lines like the rails of a tiny railroad, crossing and recrossing in every direction. One could hardly

tell where the feet had been planted in the snow, but little irregular enlargements, like pairs of beads, on the trail showed that the little birds had hopped, keeping the two feet together. This track then was made by one of the hopping birds, but I could not tell surely which one. It may have been a tree-sparrow or a house-sparrow.

With these little railroads I found also tracks made by some larger bird. In a place where the snow was not deep each footprint was very distinct. These tracks were not in pairs, but arranged alternately in two rows, showing that they were made by a walking bird. I was not at first sure how to tell which of our walking birds had made them. I thought it might have been a crow or a dove or a meadow lark or a shore lark, for each of these birds

walks. But the size of the track gave me a clew. Each track was about three fourths of an inch wide and an inch and a half long. Then I knew it must have been made by the shore lark. The long claw of the hind toe also indicated the same thing.

One can soon learn to tell the tracks of our walking

birds by noticing the size of the track and by comparing the width of the foot with its length, also by noticing the length of the hind toe. The meadow lark makes a track about two and a half inches long with a long print of the hind toe. The crow has a much larger track, and the prints of the separate toes are all about alike in length.

When one finds the tracks of a mouse, by following them up, he can see the place from which the little fellow started, or the place in which he is hiding. But a bird track suddenly stops, and a few broken lines on either side show where the wings have hit the snow when the bird flew up.

In the woods I found a great many tracks, the most common being those of the rabbit. One might imagine that a three-legged animal had been running along if he judged by the first appearance of the tracks. There are two large oval prints and just behind these a smaller irregular print. The two large tracks are made by the hind feet and the smaller single one by the fore feet together. In running the rabbit throws the hind feet beyond the fore feet, so that the prints of the feet are reversed.

One can also tell about how fast the rabbit was running. When the prints of all four feet are close together and the groups or tracks not very far apart, the rabbit was in no particular hurry. But when the

dogs get after him and he has to run for his life, the tracks show the long leaps of the frightened animal.

The snow about a dead stump told an interesting story, too. All about it were scattered tracks that looked as if they had been made by a very small rabbit. These told me that a deer mouse had his home in the stump.

Down by the pond I saw the tracks of a muskrat; a fox had also cautiously picked his way through the field, keeping a safe distance from the barn where the dogs sleep. These are only a few of the tracks that I saw on this walk. When the next snow comes, get on your boots and tramp through the fields and see what you can find of this sort.

—John Barlow.

From "The Nature Guard."

THE FLIGHT OF THE BIRDS

Whither away, Robin,
Whither away?
Is it through envy of the maple leaf,
Whose blushes mock the crimson of thy breast,
Thou wilt not stay?
The summer days were long, yet all too brief
The happy season thou hast been our guest:
Whither away?

Whither away, Bluebird,
Whither away?
The blast is chill, yet in the upper sky
Thou still canst find the color of thy wing,
The hue of May.
Warbler, why speed thy southern flight? ah, why,
Thou too, whose song first told us of the spring?
Whither away?

Whither away, Swallow,
Whither away?
Canst thou no longer tarry in the north,
Here, where our roof so well hath screened thy nest?
Not one short day?
Wilt thou — as if thou human wert — go forth
And wander far from them who love thee best?
Whither away?

— Edmund Clarence Stedman.

THE FROST

The frost looked forth one still, clear night
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight,
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way;
I will not go on like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain,
But I'll be as busy as they."

Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest,
He lit on the trees and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads, and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail that need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin far and near
Where a rock could rear its head.

He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept.
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stepped,
By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things; there were flowers and trees,
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees,
There were cities, with temples, and towers, and these
All pictured in silver sheen.

But he did one thing that was hardly fair:
He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare;
"Now, just to set them a-thinking —
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he,
"This costly pitcher I'll break in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick to tell them I'm drinking."

— Hannah F. Gould.

WINTER BIRDS

I WATCH them from my window,
While winds so keenly blow;
How merrily they twitter,
And revel in the snow;
In brown and ruffled feathers
They dot the white around
And not one moping comrade
Among the lot I've found.

Ah, may I be as cheerful
As yonder winter birds,
Through ills and petty crosses,
With no repining words;
So, teaching me this lesson,
Away, away they go,
And leave their tiny footprints
In stars upon the snow.

—GEORGE COOPER.

SANDY, THE GOOD SAMARITAN

LAST summer I made the acquaintance of a most estimable dog. He is a Scotch collie and his name is Sandy. He is a highly respected citizen, and if he could talk, would occupy an eminent position in the community in which he lives. Everybody has the greatest confidence in him.

Sandy spends a good deal of his time at a little cabin in the woods, and acts as superintendent over the place, looking after the cattle, the horses, and the chickens, and driving intruders away. His sense of hearing is so acute, and his instinct is so keen, that he can hear his master and mistress driving toward the farm before they come within a mile of it. Sandy may be snoozing on the veranda, or on the grass under one of the trees: suddenly he raises his head, looks around in an inquiring sort of way, his ears stiffen up, his eyes gleam, and then with a joyful bark he plunges into the forest that surrounds the place. Somehow he knows that the carriage is coming, and he dashes down the road as fast as he can run until he meets it with a joyful welcome.

Last summer Sandy's particular duty was to look after the little chicks that were hatched from time to time, and that seemed strangely incapable of caring for themselves. Notwithstanding the anxiety and warnings of their mothers, these little strangers would persist in running into the high grass. This was almost sure destruction, because very few of them could find their way out of it again.

Sandy took the matter into his charge and with patience, gentleness, and remarkable skill organized a life-saving service that proved very successful. No matter how he was engaged, he never failed to make

a thorough examination of the high grass several times a day, and he seldom came out of it without bringing in his mouth a little chicken, which he would drop gently before its mother, and then go back into the wilderness for another.

Sometimes he would bring out five or six stragglers in succession. Scarcely a day passed that his life-saving service did not rescue a large portion of the broods that otherwise would have perished. He never wounded or bruised the little wanderers, but carried them in his mouth as tenderly as a mother would take a baby in her arms. And it seemed to me that the little chicks understood that Sandy was sure to rescue them, and were all the more reckless on that account.

There was always a colony of dogs and cats about the camp, and when supper time came, they acted as if they were half starved. But Sandy always waited patiently until the rest were satisfied, and then in a most dignified manner he took what was left.

One day Sandy brought home with him a disreputable-looking cur which belonged somewhere down in the slums of the city, and was called Major. He was a mangy skeleton covered with wounds, and in a most pitiable state of misery. Sandy coaxed him up to the house, gave him his bed and food, and licked his sores.

Under this Good Samaritan treatment Major rapidly recovered health and strength, but nothing could make him look respectable. He was such a dog as would always be ugly and untidy. He did not possess a single point of beauty, nor, so far as any one could see, a spark of intelligence. But he afterward proved the truth of the old proverb that appearances are often deceitful.

Sandy's master and mistress did not like Major. They tried all sorts of ways to drive him off, but Sandy stood by him and took care of him, and saw that he had a good bed and plenty of food.

When it came time for the family to go out to the cabin in the woods to spend the summer, it was decided to separate Sandy and Major. The one was taken and the other was left, but no sooner did Sandy realize this fact than he showed his disapproval. He supposed that his friend was in a box in the wagon, but when it was unloaded, and Major did not appear, Sandy looked disappointed, and soon after disappeared, nor was he seen again until breakfast time the next morning when Major was at his heels.

Sandy had trotted patiently back into town, hunted up his friend, and had brought him out to the cabin. He made three trips of nine miles each that day, and that was a good deal for one dog to do for another.

— William E. Curtis.

MY LITTLE FARM

When a little farm I keep,
I shall tend my kine and sheep.
And my pretty lambs shall fold
In deep pastures starred with gold.

On green carpets they shall tread;
Gold and purple be their bed,
Honeyed clover make their food
In a watered solitude.

And my garden places shall
Grow me fruits on tree and wall,
Give me blossoms in the spring
And an autumn gathering.

An old dial and a cote
Where the pigeons fly and float,
And a well so green and dim
Where the little fishes swim.

Hives of honey I shall own,
Bees with drowsy monotone
Toil all days to bring me home
Heather honey at the gloam.

'Twixt the mountains and the sea
There my little farm will be,—
I shall tend my sheep and kine,
And a thankful heart be mine.

—Katherine Tynan.

BLACK BEAUTY

The first place I can well remember was a large, pleasant meadow with a pond of clear water in it. Some shady trees leaned over it, and rushes and water lilies grew at the deep end. Over the hedge at one side we looked into a plowed field, and on the other we looked over a gate at our master's house, which stood by the roadside. At the top of the meadow was a grove of fir trees, and at the bottom a running brook overhung by a steep bank.

In the daytime I ran by my mother's side, and

at night I lay down close by her. When it was hot, we used to stand by the pond in the shade of the trees, and when it was cold, we had a nice warm shed near the grove.

As soon as I was old enough to eat grass my mother used to go out to work in the daytime, and come back in the evening.

There were six young colts in the meadow besides me; they were older than I was; some were nearly as large as grown-up horses. I used to run about with them, and have great fun; we used to gallop all together round and round the field as hard as we could go. Sometimes we had rather rough play, for they would frequently bite and kick as well as gallop.

One day when there was a good deal of kicking, my mother whinnied to me to come to her, and then she said: —

"I wish you to pay attention to what I am going to say to you. The colts who live here are very good colts, but they are cart-horse colts, and of course they have not learned manners. You have been well bred and well born; your father has a great name in these parts, and your grandfather won a cup two years at the Newmarket races; your grandmother had the sweetest temper of any horse I ever knew, and I think you have never seen me

bite or kick. I hope you will grow up gentle and good, and never learn bad ways; do your work with a good will, lift your feet up well when you trot, and never bite or kick, even in play."

I have never forgotten my mother's advice. I knew she was a wise old horse, and our master thought a great deal of her.

Our master was a good, kind man. He gave us good food, good lodging, and kind words. He spoke as gently to us as he did to his little children. We were all fond of him, and my mother loved him very much. When she saw him at the gate, she would neigh with joy and trot up to him. He would pat and stroke her and say, "Well, old Pet, how is your little Darkie?" I was a dull black, so they called me Darkie. Then he would give me a piece of bread, which was very good, and sometimes he brought a carrot for my mother. All the horses would come to him, but I think we were his favorites.

There was a plowboy Dick, who sometimes came into our field to pluck blackberries from the hedge. When he had eaten all he wanted, he would have what he called fun with the colts, throwing stones and sticks at them to make them gallop. We did not much mind him, for we could gallop off; but sometimes a stone would hit and hurt us.

One day he was at this game and did not know

that the master was in the next field; but he was there, watching what was going on. Over the hedge he jumped, and catching Dick by the arm he gave him such a box on the ear as made him roar with pain and surprise. As soon as we saw the master, we trotted up nearer to see what went on.

"Bad boy!" he said, "bad boy! to chase the colts. This is not the first time, nor the second, but it shall be the last. There — take your money and go home; I shall not want you on my farm again." So we never saw Dick any more. Old Daniel, the man who looked after the horses, was just as gentle as our master, so we were well off.

I was now beginning to grow handsome; my coat had become fine and soft, and was a bright black. I had one white foot, and a pretty white star on my forehead. I was thought very handsome. My master would not sell me until I was four years old; he said lads ought not to work like men, and colts ought not to work like horses till they were quite grown up.

When I was four years old, Squire Gordon came to look at me. He examined my eyes, my mouth, and my legs, and then I had to walk and trot and gallop before him. He seemed to like me, and said, "When he has been well broken in, he will do very well." My master said he would break me in himself as he

would not like me to be frightened or hurt; and he lost no time about it, for the next day he began.

Every one may not know what breaking in is; therefore, I will describe it. It means to teach a horse to wear a saddle and bridle, and to carry on his back a man, woman, or child; to go just the way they wish, and to go quietly. Besides this, he has to learn to wear a collar, a crupper, and a breeching, and to stand still whilst they are put on; then to have a cart or a carriage fixed behind, so that he cannot walk or trot without dragging it after him; and he must go fast or slow, just as his driver wishes. He must never start at what he sees, nor speak to other horses, nor bite, nor kick, nor have any will of his own; but always do his master's will even though he may be very tired or hungry. But the worst of all is when his harness is once on, he may neither jump for joy, nor lie down for weariness. So you see this breaking in is a great thing.

I had of course long been used to a halter and a headstall, and to being led about in the fields and lanes, but now I was to have a bit and bridle. My master gave me some oats as usual, and after a good deal of coaxing he got the bit into my mouth and the bridle fixed. One who has never had a bit in his mouth cannot think how bad it feels; a great piece of cold, hard steel as thick as a man's finger to be

pushed into the mouth between the teeth and over the tongue, with the ends coming out of the corner of the mouth and held fast there by straps over the head, under the throat, round the nose, and under the chin. In no way in the world can you get rid of it. It is very bad! yes, very bad! At least, I thought so, but I knew my mother always wore one when she went out, and all horses did when they were grown up; and so, what with the nice oats and what with my master's pats, kind words, and gentle ways, I got to wear my bit and bridle.

Next came the saddle, but that was not half so bad. My master put it on my back very gently, whilst old Daniel held my head; he then made the girths fast under my body, patting and talking to me all the time; then I had a few oats, then a little leading about, and this he did every day until I began to look for the oats and the saddle. At length one morning my master got on my back and rode me about the meadow on the soft grass. It certainly did feel queer; but I must say I felt rather proud to carry my master, and as he continued to ride me a little every day, I soon became accustomed to it.

The next unpleasant business was putting on the iron shoes; that, too, was very hard at first. My master went with me to the smith's forge to see that I was not hurt or frightened. The blacksmith took

my feet in his hand one after the other and cut away some of the hoof. It did not pain me, so I stood still on three legs until he had done them all. Then he took a piece of iron the shape of my foot and clapped it on, and drove some nails through the shoe quite into my hoof so that the shoe was firmly on. My feet felt very stiff and heavy, but in time I got used to the shoes.

And now, having got so far, my master went on to break me to harness, and there were more new things to wear. In time, however, I got used to everything and could do my work as well as my mother.

I must not forget to mention one part of my training, which I have always considered a great advantage. My master sent me for a fortnight to a neighboring farmer's, where there was a meadow which was skirted on one side by the railway. Here were some sheep and cows, and I was turned in amongst them.

I shall never forget the first train that ran by. I was feeding quietly beside the pales which separated the meadow from the railway, when I heard a strange sound at a distance, and before I knew whence it came, — with a rush and a clatter and a puffing out of smoke, — a long black train of something flew by and was gone, almost before I could

draw my breath. I turned and galloped to the farther side of the meadow as fast as I could go, and there I stood snorting with astonishment and fear. In the course of the day many other trains went by, some more slowly; these drew up at the stations close by, and sometimes made an awful shriek and groan before they stopped. I thought it very dreadful, but the cows went on eating very quietly, and hardly raised their heads as the black, frightful thing came puffing and grinding past.

For the first few days I could not feed in peace; but as I found that this terrible creature never came into the field, or did me any harm, I began to disregard it, and very soon, I cared as little about the passing of the train as the cows and sheep did.

Since then I have seen many horses much alarmed and restive at the sight or sound of a steam engine; but thanks to my good master's care, I am as fearless at a railway station as in my own stable.

Now if any one wants to break in a young horse well, that is the way.

My master often drove me in double harness with my mother, because she was steady and could teach me how to go better than a strange horse. She told me the better I behaved, the better I should be treated, and that it was wisest always to do my best to please my master. "But," said she, "there are a

great many kinds of men; there are good, thoughtful men like our master, that any horse may be proud to serve; and there are bad, cruel men who never ought to have horse or dog to call their own. Besides, there are a great many foolish men, vain, ignorant, and careless, who never trouble themselves to think; these spoil more horses than all the others, just for want of sense. They don't mean it, but they do it for all that. I hope you will fall into good hands; but a horse never knows who may buy him; it is all a chance for us; but still I say, do your best wherever it is, and keep up your good name."

— Annie Sewell.

From "Black Beauty."

DYING IN HARNESS

Only a fallen horse, stretched out there on the road,
Stretched in the broken shafts and crushed by the heavy load;
Only a fallen horse, and a circle of wondering eyes
Watching the 'frighted teamster goading the beast to rise.

Hold! for his toil is over — no more labor for him;
See the poor neck outstretched, and the patient eyes grow dim;

See on the friendly stones now peacefully rests the head, —
Thinking, if dumb beasts think, how good it is to be dead;
After the weary journey, how restful it is to lie
With the broken shafts and the cruel load — waiting only to die.

Watchers, he died in harness — died in the shafts and straps —
Fell, and the burden killed him: one of the day's mishaps —
One of the passing wonders marking the city road —
A toiler dying in harness, heedless of call or goad.

Passers, crowding the pathway, staying your steps awhile,
What is the symbol? Only death? why should we cease to smile
At death for a beast of burden? On, through the busy street
That is ever and ever echoing the tread of the hurrying feet.

What was the sign? A symbol to touch the tireless will?
Does He who taught in parables speak in parables still?

The seed on the rock is wasted — on heedless hearts of men,
That gather and sow and grasp and lose — labor and sleep — and then —
Then for the prize! — A crowd in the street of ever echoing tread —
The toiler, crushed by the heavy load, is there in his harness — dead.

— JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND

ALICE was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do. Once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversation in it, "and what is the use of a book," thought Alice, "without pictures or conversations?"

So she was considering, as well as she could, for the hot day made her feel very sleepy and stupid, whether the pleasure of making a daisy chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

There was nothing so *very* remarkable in that; nor did Alice think it so *very* much out of the way to hear the Rabbit say to itself, "Oh dear! Oh dear!

I shall be too late!" When she thought it over afterward, it occurred to her that she ought to have wondered at this, but at the time it all seemed quite natural. But when the Rabbit actually *took a watch out of his waistcoat pocket*, and looked at it, and then hurried on, Alice started to her feet, for it flashed across her mind that she had never before seen a rabbit with either a waistcoat pocket or a watch to take out of it. Burning with curiosity, she ran across the field after it, and was just in time to see it pop down a large rabbit hole under the hedge.

In another moment down went Alice after it, never once considering how in the world she was to get out again.

The rabbit hole went straight on like a tunnel for some way, and then dipped suddenly down, so suddenly that Alice had not a moment to think about stopping herself before she found herself falling down what seemed to be a very deep well.

Either the well was very deep, or she fell very slowly, for she had plenty of time as she went down to look about her, and to wonder what was going to happen next. First, she tried to look down and see what she was coming to, but it was too dark to see anything. Then she looked at the sides of the well, and noticed that they were filled with cupboards and bookshelves; here and there she saw maps and

pictures hung upon pegs, She took down a jar from one of the shelves as she passed; it was labeled "Orange Marmalade," but to her great disappointment it was empty. She did not like to drop the jar, for fear of killing somebody underneath, so managed to put it into one of the cupboards as she fell past it.

"Well!" thought Alice to herself, "after such a fall as this, I shall think nothing of tumbling downstairs! How brave they'll all think me at home! Why, I wouldn't say anything about it, even if I fell off the top of the house."

Down, down, down. Would the fall *never* come to an end? "I wonder how many miles I've fallen by this time?" she said aloud. "I must be getting somewhere near the center of the earth. Let me see: that would be four thousand miles down, I think —yes, that's about the right distance — but then I wonder what latitude or longitude I've got to." Alice had not the slightest idea what latitude was, or longitude either, but she thought they were nice long words to say.

Presently she began again. "I wonder if I shall fall right through the earth! How funny it will seem to come out among the people that walk with their heads downward! But I shall have to ask them what the name of the country is, you know.

Please, Ma'am, is this New Zealand? Or Australia? And what an ignorant little girl she will think me for asking! No, it will never do to ask; perhaps I shall see it written up somewhere."

Suddenly, thump! thump! down she came upon a heap of sticks and dry leaves, and the fall was over.

Alice was not a bit hurt, and she jumped up on to her feet in a moment. She looked up, but it was all dark overhead; before her was another long passage, and the White Rabbit was still in sight, hurrying down it. There was not a moment to be lost; away went Alice like the wind, and was just in time to hear it say, as it turned a corner, "Oh my ears and whiskers, how late it's getting!" She was close behind it when she turned the corner, but the Rabbit was no longer to be seen. On ran Alice, hoping to overtake it, but she soon found herself in a thick wood. She was a little startled by seeing a Cheshire Cat sitting on a bough of a tree a few yards off. The Cat only grinned when it saw Alice. It looked good-natured, she thought; still it had *very* long claws and a great many teeth, so she felt that it ought to be treated with respect.

"Cheshire Puss," she began rather timidly, as she did not at all know whether it would like the name; however, it only grinned a little wider. "Come, it's pleased so far," thought Alice, and she went on.

"Would you tell me, please, which way I ought to go from here?"

"That depends a good deal on where you want to get to," said the Cat.

"I don't much care where —" said Alice.

"Then it doesn't matter which way you go," said the Cat.

"— so long as I get *somewhere*," Alice added as an explanation.

"Oh, you are sure to do that," said the Cat, "if you walk long enough."

Alice tried another question. "What sort of people live about here?"

"In *that* direction," the Cat said, waving its right paw round, "lives a Hatter; and in *that* direction," waving the other paw, "lives a March Hare. Visit either you like: they are both mad."

"But I don't want to go among mad people," Alice remarked.

"Oh, you can't help that," said the Cat; "we are all mad here. I'm mad. You're mad."

"How do you know I'm mad?" said Alice.

"You must be," said the Cat, "or you wouldn't have come here."

Alice did not think that proved it at all; however, she went on, "And how do you know that you are mad?"

"To begin with," said the Cat, "a dog is not mad. You grant that?"

"I suppose so," said Alice.

"Well, then," the Cat went on, "you see a dog growls when it is angry, and wags its tail when it is pleased. Now *I* growl when I am pleased, and wag my tail when I am angry. Therefore I'm mad."

"I call it purring, not growling," said Alice.

"Call it what you like," said the Cat, and vanished.

Alice was not much surprised at this, she was getting so well used to queer things happening.

After a minute or two she walked on in the direction in which the March Hare was said to live. "I have seen hatters before," she said to herself, "the March Hare will be much the more interesting; and perhaps, as this is May, it won't be raving mad — at least not so mad as it was in March." As she said this, she looked up, and there was the Cat again, sitting on a branch of a tree.

"I wish you wouldn't vanish and appear so suddenly," said Alice, "you make one quite giddy."

"All right," said the Cat; and this time it vanished quite slowly, beginning with the end of its tail, and ending with the grin, which remained some time after the rest of it had gone.

"Well! I have often seen a cat without a grin,"

thought Alice, "but a grin without a cat! It's the most curious thing I ever saw in all my life."

* * * * * * *

"Wake up, Alice dear!" said her sister. "Why, what a long sleep you have had."

"Oh, I have had such a curious dream!" said Alice. And she told her sister, as well as she could remember them, her strange Adventures in Wonderland. When she had finished, her sister kissed her, and said, "It *was* a curious dream, dear, certainly; but now run in to your tea; it's getting late." So Alice got up and ran off, thinking, as well she might, what a wonderful dream it had been.

But her sister sat still just as she left her, leaning her head on her hand, and thinking of little Alice and all her wonderful Adventures, till she too began dreaming after a fashion, and this was her dream: —

First, she dreamed about little Alice herself. Once again the little hands were clasped upon her knee, and the bright, eager eyes were looking up into hers; she could hear the very tones of her voice, and see that queer little toss of her head to keep back the wandering hair that *would* always get into her eyes.

And as she listened, or seemed to listen, the whole place around her became alive with the strange creatures of her little sister's dream.

So she sat on with closed eyes, and half believed herself in Wonderland, though she knew she had but to open them again, and all would change to dull reality — the grass would be rustling in the wind, and the pool rippling to the waving of the reeds.

Lastly, she pictured to herself how this same little sister of hers would, in the aftertime, be herself a grown woman; and how she would keep, through all her riper years, the simple and loving heart of her childhood; and how she would gather about her other little children, and make their eyes bright and eager with many a strange tale, perhaps even with the dream of Wonderland of long ago; and how she would feel with all their simple sorrows, and find a pleasure in all their simple joys, remembering her own child life, and the happy summer days.

—Lewis Carroll.

From "Alice in Wonderland."

Heed how thou livest. Do no act by day
Which from the night shall drive thy peace away.
In months of sun so live that months of rain
Shall still be happy. Evermore restrain
Evil and cherish good; so shall there be
Another and a happier life for thee.

— Whittier.

THE YOUNG ARTIST

In the year 1738 there came into the world in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, an infant from whom his parents and neighbors looked for wonderful things.

A famous preacher of the Society of Friends had prophesied about little Ben, and foretold that he would be one of the most remarkable characters that had appeared on earth since the days of William Penn. On this account the eyes of many people were fixed on the boy. Friend West and his wife were thought to be very fortunate in having such a son.

Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing anything worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon, in his seventh year, his mother put a fan into his hand and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little babe who lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face. When they had all flown out of the window, or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle, and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant.

It was, indeed, a very pretty sight. The little

personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven; for while Ben stooped over the cradle, the little baby smiled.

"How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!"

Now, Ben, at this period of his life, had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look, that appears and vanishes in a moment, may be made to last for hundreds of years. But, since nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself.

On a table near at hand there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red. The boy seized a pen and a sheet of paper, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner, he heard his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

"Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face.

At first Ben was unwilling to tell; for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the

baby's face, and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and joy.

"Bless me!" cried she. "It is a picture of little Sally!" And then she threw her arms round our friend Benjamin, and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterward was afraid to show his drawings to his mother.

As Ben grew older he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature.

For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet flowers of early autumn.

In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night. The purple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him. And he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys, with a piece of chalk, on barn doors or on the floor.

In those old times the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there. These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo.

Thus he had now three colors, — red, blue, and yellow, — and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

But all this time the young artist had no paint brushes; nor were there any to be bought, unless he sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint brushes for himself. With this design he laid hold upon — what do you think? Why, upon a respectable old black cat, who was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

"Puss," said little Ben to the cat, "pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail."

Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur, whether she were willing or not. Puss who had no great zeal for the fine arts would have resisted if she could; but the boy was armed with his mother's scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint brush.

This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter.

Poor thing! she was forced to creep close into the chimney corner, and eyed Ben with a rueful face. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint brushes than that puss should be warm.

About this period friend West received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who

was likewise a member of the Society of Friends. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs and of birds with beautiful plumage, and of wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the home of a Quaker farmer.

"Why, friend West," exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant, "what has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where on earth didst thou get them?"

Then friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yellow ochre and a piece of indigo, and brushes made of the black cat's fur.

"Verily," said Mr. Pennington, "the boy hath wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter, and Providence is wiser than we are."

The good merchant patted Benjamin on the head, and evidently considered him a wonderful boy. When his parents saw how much their son's drawings were admired, they, no doubt, remembered the prophecy of the old Quaker preacher respecting Ben's future eminence. Yet they could not understand how he was ever to become a very great and useful man merely by making pictures.

One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield directed to our little friend Ben.

"What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"

On taking off the thick brown paper in which it was wrapped, behold! there was a paint box, with a great many cakes of paint, and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bedtime he put the paint box under his pillow, and got hardly a wink of sleep; for all night long his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness.

In the morning he hurried to the garret, and was seen no more till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again.

The next day he was just as busy as ever; until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

On opening the door the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin, giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings, and made one picture out of both, with such admirable skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals.

"My dear child, thou hast done wonders!" cried his mother.

The good lady was delighted. And well she might be proud of her boy; for there were touches in this picture which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of.

Many a year afterward, this wonderful production was exhibited in the Royal Academy in London.

Well, time went on, and Benjamin continued to draw and paint pictures until he had now reached the age when it was proper that he should choose a business for life. His father and mother were in considerable perplexity about him. Now what advantage could the world expect from Benjamin's pictures? This was a difficult question, and in order to set their minds at rest, his parents determined to consult the wise men of their society.

Finally, they came to a very wise decision. It seemed evident that Providence had created Benjamin to be a painter, and had given him abilities which would be thrown away in any other business.

Painting by Benjamin West.

THE DEATH OF GENERAL WOLFE.

All consented that he should go forth into the world and learn to be a painter by studying the best pictures of ancient and modern times.

So our friend Benjamin left the dwelling of his parents, and his native woods and streams, and the good Quakers of Springfield, and the Indians who had given him his first colors. He went first to Philadelphia and afterward to Europe.

When he was twenty-five years old, he went to London and established himself there as an artist. In due course of time he acquired great fame by his pictures and was made chief painter to King George III. When the Quakers of Pennsylvania heard of his success, they felt that the prophecy of the old preacher as to little Ben's future eminence was now accomplished.

It is true they shook their heads at his pictures of battle and bloodshed, such as the Death of General Wolfe, thinking that these terrible scenes should not be held up to the admiration of the world.

He lived many years in peace and honor, and died in 1820 at the age of eighty-two. The story of his life is almost as wonderful as a fairy tale; for there are few stranger transformations than that of a little, unknown Quaker boy in the wilds of America into the most distinguished English painter of his day.

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep, tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot that my infancy knew.
The widespreading pond, and the mill that stood by it;
The bridge and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered bucket I hail as a treasure;
For often at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing,
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness it rose from the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.

How sweet from the green mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from thy loved situation,
The tear of regret will oftentimes swell,
As fancy returns to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well —
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

— Samuel Woodworth.

THE FLOWER OF LIBERTY

I

What flower is this that greets the morn,
Its hues from Heaven so freshly born?
With burning star and flaming band
It kindles all the sunset land:
Oh tell us what its name may be, —
Is this the Flower of Liberty?
It is the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

II

In savage Nature's far abode
Its tender seed our fathers sowed;

The storm winds rocked its swelling bud,
Its opening leaves were streaked with blood
Till lo! earth's tyrants shook to see
The full-blown Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free
The starry Flower of Liberty!

III

Behold its streaming rays unite,
One mingling flood of braided light,—
The red that fires the Southern rose,
With spotless white from Northern snows,
And, spangled o'er its azure, see
The sister Stars of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty!

IV

The blades of heroes fence it round,
Where'er it springs is holy ground;
From tower and dome its glories spread;
It waves where lonely sentries tread;
It makes the land as ocean free,
And plants an empire on the sea!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

V

Thy sacred leaves, fair Freedom's flower,
Shall ever float on dome and tower,
To all their heavenly colors true,
In blackening frost or crimson dew,—
And God love us as we love thee,
Thrice holy Flower of Liberty!
Then hail the banner of the free,
The starry Flower of Liberty.

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mold,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—William Collins.

THE CLOCKS OF RONDAINE

CENTURIES ago there stood on the banks of a river a little town called Rondaine. The river was a long and winding stream which ran through different countries. Sometimes it was narrow and swift and sometimes broad and placid. Sometimes it hurried through mountain passes and again it meandered quietly through fertile plains. In some places it was of a blue color and in others of a dark and somber hue. And so it changed until it threw itself into the warm, far-spreading sea.

But it was otherwise with the little town. As far back as anybody could remember, it had always been the same that it was at the time of our story. And the people who lived there could see no reason to

suppose that it would ever be different from what it was then. It was a pleasant little town and its citizens were very happy. So why should there be any change in it?

If Rondaine had been famed for anything at all, it would have been for the number of its clocks. It had many churches, and in the steeple of each of these churches there was a clock. There were town buildings which stood upon the great central square. Each of these had a tower, and in each tower was a clock. Then there were clocks at street corners and in the market place; clocks over shop doors, and a clock at each end of the bridge.

Many of these clocks were fashioned in some quaint and curious way. In one of the largest a stone man came out and struck the hours with a stone hammer, while a stone woman struck half hours with a stone broom: and in another an iron donkey kicked the hours on a bell behind him. It would be impossible to tell all the odd ways in which the clocks of Rondaine struck.

It was very interesting to lie awake in the night and hear the clocks strike. First would come a faint striking from one of the churches in the by-streets, a modest sound; then from another quarter would be heard a more confident clock striking the hour clearly and distinctly. When they were quite ready, but not

a moment before, the seven bells of the large church on the square would chime the hour. The sound of these bells seemed to wake up the stone man in the tower of the town building and he struck the hour with his hammer. And when every sound had died away, the iron donkey would kick out the hour on his bell.

The very last clock to strike in Rondaine was one belonging to a little old lady with white hair, who lived in a little white house in one of the prettiest and cleanest streets in the town. Her clock was in a little white tower at the corner of her house. Long after every other clock had struck, the old lady's clock would strike quickly and with a tone that said: —

"I know that I am right, and I wish other people to know it."

In a small house which stood at a corner of two streets in the town there lived a young girl named Arla. Her room was at the top of the house, and one of its windows opened to the west and another to the south. Arla liked to leave these windows open so that the sound of the clocks might come in.

It was not because she wanted to know the hour that Arla used to lie awake and listen to the clocks. She could tell this from her own little clock in her room.

On the front of her clock, just below the dial, was a sprig of a rosebush beautifully made of metal, and

on this, just after the hour had sounded, there was a large green bud. At a quarter past the hour this bud opened a little, so that the red petals could be seen; fifteen minutes later it was a half-blown rose, and at a quarter of an hour more it was nearly full blown. Just before the hour the rose opened to its fullest extent, and so remained until the clock had finished striking, when it immediately shut up into a great green bud.

This clock was a great delight to Arla; for not only was it a very pleasant thing to watch the unfolding of the rose, but it was a satisfaction to think that her little clock always told her exactly what time it was, no matter what the other clocks of Rondaine might say.

Arla's father and mother were thrifty, industrious people. They were very fond of their daughter, and wished her to grow up a thoughtful, useful woman. In the early morning, listening to the clocks of Rondaine, Arla did a great deal of thinking. It so happened on the morning of the day before Christmas she began to think of something which had never entered her mind before.

"How in the world," she said to herself, "do the people of Rondaine know when it is really Christmas? Christmas begins at twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve; but as some of the people depend on one clock and

some upon others, a great many of them cannot truly know when Christmas Day has really begun. Not one of the clocks strikes at the right time! As for that iron donkey, I believe he kicks whenever he feels like it. And yet there are people who go by him!" With these thoughts in her mind, Arla could not go to sleep again. She heard all the clocks strike, and lay awake until her own little clock told her that she ought to get up.

During this time she had made up her mind what she should do. There was yet one day before Christmas, and if the people of the town could be made to see in what a deplorable condition they were, they might have time to set the matter right so that all the clocks should strike the correct hour and everybody should know exactly when Christmas Day began. Arla was sure that the citizens had never given this matter proper thought.

When she went down to breakfast, she asked permission of her mother to take a day's holiday. Her mother was quite willing to give her the day before Christmas in which she could do as she pleased.

So Arla started out gayly to attend to the business she had in hand. Everybody in Rondaine knew her father and mother and a great many of them knew her, so there was no reason why she should be afraid to go where she chose. In one hand she carried a

small covered basket in which she had placed her rose clock.

The first place she visited was the church where she and her parents always attended service. When she entered the dimly lighted church, Arla soon saw the sexton. He was a pleasant-faced little man whom she knew very well.

"Good morning, sir," said she. "Do you take care of the church clock?"

"Yes, my little friend," said he.

"Well, then," said Arla, "I think you ought to know that your clock is eleven minutes too fast. I came here to tell you so that you might change it, and make it strike properly."

The sexton's eyes began to twinkle. He was a man of merry mood.

"That is very good of you, little Arla; very good indeed. And now that we are about it, isn't there something else you would like to change? What do you say to having these stone pillars put to one side, so that they may be out of the way of the people when they come in? Or, what do you say to having our clock tower taken down and set out there in the square before the church door? Now tell me, shall we do these things together, wise little friend?"

A tear or two came into Arla's eyes and she went

away. "I suppose," she said to herself, "that it would be too much trouble to climb to the top of the tower to set the clock right. But that was no reason why he should make fun of me. I don't like him as well as I used to."

She now made her way to the great square of the town and entered the building at the top of which stood the stone man with his hammer. She found the doorkeeper in a little room by the side of the entrance. Arla thought she would be careful how she spoke to him.

"If you please, sir," she said with a curtsy, "I should like to say something to you. And I hope you will not be offended when I tell you that your clock is not right. Your stone man and your stone woman are both too slow. They sometimes strike as much as seven minutes after they ought to strike."

The grave, middle-aged man looked steadily at Arla through his spectacles.

"Child," said he, "for one hundred and fifty years the open tower on this building has stood there. And through all these years, in storm and in fair weather, by daylight or in the darkness of the night, that stone man and that stone woman have struck the hours and the half hours. And now you, a child, come to me and ask me to change that which has not been changed in one hundred and fifty years!"

Arla could answer nothing with those spectacles fixed upon her.

"Good morning, sir," she said, as she turned and hurried into the street. She walked on until she came to the house of the little old lady with white hair. She concluded to stop and speak to her about her clock. "She is surely willing to alter that," said Arla, "for it is so very much out of the way."

The old lady knew who Arla was and received her very kindly; but when she heard why the young girl had come to her, she flew into a passion.

"Never since I was born," she said, "have I been spoken to like this! My great-grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My grandfather lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for him! My father and mother lived in this house before me; that clock was good enough for them! I was born in this house, have always lived in it; that clock is good enough for me! I heard its strokes when I was but a little child: I hope to hear them at my last hour; and sooner than raise my hand against the clock of my ancestors, I would cut off that hand!"

Tears came into Arla's eyes; she was a little frightened. "I hope you will pardon me," she said, "for truly I did not wish to offend you. Nor did I think your clock is not a good one. I only meant

that you should make it better; it is nearly an hour out of the way."

The sight of Arla's tears cooled the anger of the little old lady.

"Child," she said, "you do not know what you are talking about, and I forgive you. But remember this: never ask persons as old as I am to alter the principles which have always made clear to them what they should do, or the clocks which have always told them when they should do it."

And kissing Arla, she bade her good-by.

"Principles may last a great while without altering," thought Arla, as she went away, "but I am sure it is very different with clocks."

The poor girl now felt a good deal discouraged.

"The people do not seem to care whether their clocks are right or not," she said to herself.

Determined to make one more effort, Arla walked quickly to the town building, at the top of which was the clock with the iron donkey. This building was a sort of museum. It had a great many curious things in it, and it was in charge of an ingenious man who was very learned and skillful.

When Arla had told the superintendent why she had come to him, he did not laugh at her nor did he get angry, but he listened attentively to all that she had to say.

"You must know, Arla," he said, "that our iron donkey not only kicks out the hours, but five minutes before doing so, he turns his head around and looks at the bell behind him; and then, when he has done kicking, he puts his head back into its former position. All this action requires a great many wheels and cogs and springs and levers. At noon on every bright day I set the donkey right, being able to get the correct time from a sundial which stands in the courtyard. But his works—which I am sorry to say are not well made — are sure to get a great deal out of the way before I set him again. But so far as I know every person but yourself is perfectly satisfied with our donkey clock."

"I suppose so," said Arla, with a sigh; "but it is really a great pity that every striking clock in Rondaine should be wrong!"

"But how do you know they are all wrong?" asked the superintendent.

"Oh, that is easy enough," said Arla, "when I lie awake in the early morning, I listen to their striking, and then I look at my own rose clock to see what time it really is."

"Your rose clock?" said the superintendent.

"This is it," said Arla, opening her basket and taking out her little clock.

The superintendent took it into his hands and looked

at it, outside and inside. And then, still holding it, he stepped out into the courtyard. When in a few moments he returned, he said: —

"I have compared your clock with my sundial, and find that it is ten minutes slow!"

"My — clock — ten — minutes — slow!" exclaimed Arla, with wide-open eyes.

"Yes," said the superintendent. "Such a clock as this — which is a very ingenious and beautiful one — ought frequently to be compared with a sundial, and set to the proper hour."

Arla sat quiet for a moment and then she said: —

"I think I shall not care any more to compare the clocks of Rondaine with my little rose clock. If the people do not care to know exactly when Christmas Day begins, I can do nobody any good by listening to the different strikings and then looking at my own little clock."

"Especially," said the superintendent, with a smile, "when you are not sure that your rose clock is right. But if you bring your little clock and your key here on any day when the sun is shining, I will set it to the time shadowed on the sundial, or show you how to do it yourself."

"Thank you," said Arla, and she took her leave.

As she walked home she lifted the lid of the basket and looked at her little rose clock.

"To think of it!" she said, "that you should be sometimes too fast and sometimes too slow! And worse than that, to think that some of the other clocks have been right and you have been wrong. I can hardly believe it of you."

But the little clock never went to be compared with the sundial. "Perhaps you are right now," Arla would say to her clock each day when the sun shone, "and I will not take you until some time when I feel very sure that you are wrong."

Whether it was right or wrong Arla was satisfied that no other clock in Rondaine was its equal. But she kept her thoughts to herself and never again attempted to regulate the affairs of others.

—Frank R. Stockton.

From "Fanciful Tales," published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE MIRACULOUS PITCHER

One evening, in times long ago, old Philemon and his wife Baucis sat at their cottage door, enjoying the calm and beautiful sunset. They talked together about their garden, and their cow, and their bees, and their grapevine on which the grapes were beginning to turn purple.

The shouts of children, and the fierce barking of dogs in the village near at hand, grew louder and

louder, until, at last, it was hardly possible for Baucis and Philemon to hear each other speak.

"Ah, wife," cried Philemon, "I fear some poor traveler is seeking food and lodging in the village yonder and our neighbors have set their dogs at him, as their custom is."

"Welladay!" answered Baucis, "I do wish our neighbors felt a little more kindness for their fellow-creatures."

"I never heard the dogs so loud!" observed the good old man.

"Nor the children so rude!" answered his good old wife.

They sat shaking their heads, while the noise came nearer and nearer, until, at the foot of the little hill on which their cottage stood, they saw two travelers approaching on foot. Close behind them came the fierce dogs, snarling at their very heels.

A little farther off ran a crowd of children, who sent up shrill cries, and flung stones at the two strangers with all their might.

The travelers were very humbly clad, and this, I am afraid, was the reason why the villagers had allowed their children and dogs to treat them so rudely.

"Come, wife," said Philemon to Baucis, "let us go and meet these people."

"Go you and meet them," answered Baucis, "while I make haste within doors, and see whether we can get them anything for supper."

Accordingly, she hastened into the cottage. Philemon went forward and extended his hand, saying in the heartiest tone, "Welcome, strangers! welcome!"

"Thank you," replied the younger of the two, in a lively kind of a way. "This is quite another greeting than we have met with yonder in the village."

Philemon was glad to see him in such good spirits; nor, indeed, would you have fancied, by the traveler's look and manner, that he was weary with a long day's journey. He was dressed in rather an odd way, with a sort of cap on his head, the brim of which stuck out over both ears.

Though it was a summer evening, the traveler wore a cloak, which he kept wrapped closely about him. Philemon perceived, too, that he had on a singular pair of shoes. He was so wonderfully light and active that it appeared as if his feet sometimes rose from the ground of their own accord.

"I used to be light-footed in my youth," said Philemon to the traveler. "But I always find my feet grow heavier toward nightfall."

"There is nothing like a good staff to help one

along," answered the stranger; "and I happen to have an excellent one, as you see."

This staff, in fact, was the oddest-looking staff that Philemon had ever beheld; it was made of olivewood, and had something like a little pair of wings near the top. Two snakes carved in the wood were twining themselves about the staff, and old Philemon almost thought them alive, and that he could see them wriggling and twisting.

Before he could ask any questions, however, the elder stranger drew his attention from the wonderful staff by speaking to him.

"Was there not," asked the stranger, in a deep tone of voice, "a lake, in very ancient times, covering the spot where now stands yonder village?"

"Not in my time, friend," answered Philemon; "and yet I am an old man, as you see. There were always the fields and meadows, just as they are now, and the trees, and the stream murmuring through the midst of the valley."

The stranger shook his head. "Since the inhabitants of yonder village have forgotten the affections and sympathies of their nature, it were better that the lake should be rippling over their dwellings again!"

The traveler looked so stern that Philemon was almost frightened; the more so, that when he shook his head, there was a roll as of thunder in the air.

While Baucis was getting the supper, the travelers both began to talk with Philemon.

"Pray, my friend," asked the old man of the younger stranger, "what may I call your name?"

"Why, I am very nimble, as you see," answered the traveler. "So, if you call me Quicksilver, the name will fit me well."

"Quicksilver? Quicksilver?" repeated Philemon. "It is a very odd name! And your companion there! Has he as strange a one?"

"You must ask the thunder to tell it you," replied Quicksilver. "No other voice is loud enough."

Baucis had now got supper ready and, coming to the door, began to make apologies for the poor fare which she was forced to set before her guests.

"All will be very well; do not trouble yourself, my good dame," replied the elder stranger, kindly. "An honest, hearty welcome to a guest turns the coarsest food to nectar and ambrosia."

The supper was exceedingly small and the travelers drank all the milk in their bowls at one draught.

"A little more milk, kind Mother Baucis, if you please," said Quicksilver. "The day has been hot, and I am very much athirst."

"Now, my dear people," said Baucis, in great confusion, "I am sorry and ashamed; but the truth is, there is hardly a drop more milk in the pitcher."

"It appears to me," cried Quicksilver, taking the pitcher by the handle, "that matters are not quite so bad as you represent them. Here is certainly more milk in the pitcher."

And to the vast astonishment of Baucis, he proceeded to fill not only his own bowl but his companion's likewise. The good woman could scarcely believe her eyes.

"But I am old," thought Baucis to herself, "and apt to be forgetful. I suppose I must have made a mistake. At all events, the pitcher is empty now."

"What excellent milk!" observed Quicksilver, after quaffing the entire contents of the second bowl. "Excuse me, my kind hostess, but I must really ask you for a little more."

Baucis turned the pitcher upside down to show that there was not a drop left. What was her surprise, therefore, when such a stream of milk fell bubbling into the bowl that it was filled to the brim, and overflowed upon the table.

"And now a slice of your brown loaf, Mother Baucis," said Quicksilver, "and a little honey!"

Baucis cut him a slice accordingly; and though the loaf, when she and her husband ate of it, had been rather dry and crusty, it was now as light and moist as if but a few hours out of the oven.

But, oh, the honey! Its color was that of the

purest gold, and it had the odor of a thousand flowers. Never was such honey tasted, seen, or smelled.

Baucis could not but think that there was something out of the common in all that had been going on. So, after helping the guests, she sat down by Philemon, and told him what she had seen.

"Did you ever hear the like?" she whispered.

"No, I never did," answered Philemon, with a smile. "And I rather think, my dear wife, that there happened to be a little more in the pitcher than you thought — that is all."

"Another cup of this delicious milk, if you please," said Quicksilver, "and I shall then have supped better than a prince."

This time old Philemon took up the pitcher himself; for he was curious to discover whether there was any reality in what Baucis had whispered to him. On taking up the pitcher, therefore, he slyly peeped into it, and was fully satisfied that it contained not so much as a single drop. All at once, however, he beheld a little white fountain which gushed up from the bottom of the pitcher, and speedily filled it to the brim. It was lucky that Philemon, in his surprise, did not drop the miraculous pitcher from his hand. He quickly set it down and cried out, "Who are ye, wonder-working strangers?"

"Your guests, Philemon, and your friends," replied the elder traveler, in his mild, deep voice. "We are your guests and friends, and may your pitcher never be empty for kind Baucis and yourself, nor for the needy wayfarers!"

The supper being now over, the strangers requested to be shown to their place of repose. When left alone the good old couple spent some time in conversation about the events of the evening, and then lay down to sleep.

The old man and his wife were stirring betimes the next morning, and the strangers likewise arose with the sun, and made their preparations to depart. They asked Philemon and Baucis to walk

forth with them a short distance and show them the road.

"Ah me!" exclaimed Philemon, when they had walked a little way from their door. "If our neighbors knew what a blessed thing it is to show hospitality to strangers, they would tie up their dogs, and never allow their children to fling another stone."

"It is a sin and a shame for them to behave so!" cried good old Baucis.

"My dear friends," cried Quicksilver, with the liveliest look of mischief in his eyes, "where is this village that you talk about? On which side of us does it lie?"

Philemon and his wife turned toward the valley, where at sunset, only the day before, they had seen the meadows, the houses, the gardens, the street, the children playing in it.

But what was their astonishment! There was no longer any appearance of a village! Even the fertile valley in the hollow of which it lay had ceased to have existence. In its stead they beheld the broad blue surface of a lake which filled the great basin of the valley from brim to brim.

"Alas!" cried these kind-hearted old people, "what has become of our poor neighbors?"

"They exist no longer as men and women," said the elder traveler, in his grand and deep voice,

while a roll of thunder seemed to echo it in the distance. "There was neither use nor beauty in such a life as theirs; therefore the lake that was of old has spread itself forth again to reflect the sky."

"As for you, good Philemon," continued the elder traveler, — "and you, kind Baucis, — you, with your scanty means, have done well, my dear old friends. Request whatever favor you have most at heart and it is granted."

Philemon and Baucis looked at one another, and then one uttered the desire of both their hearts.

"Let us live together while we live, and leave the world at the same instant when we die!"

"Be it so!" replied the stranger, with majestic kindness. "Now look toward your cottage."

They did so. What was their surprise on beholding a tall edifice of white marble on the spot where their humble residence had stood.

"There is your home," said the stranger, smiling on them both. "Show your kindness in yonder palace as freely as in the poor hovel to which you welcomed us last evening."

The astonished old people fell on their knees to thank him; but, behold! neither he nor Quicksilver was there.

So Philemon and Baucis took up their residence in the marble palace, and spent their time in making

everybody happy and comfortable who happened to pass that way.

They lived in their palace a very great while, and grew older and older, and very old indeed. At length, however, there came a summer morning when Philemon and Baucis failed to make their appearance, as on other mornings. The guests searched everywhere, but all to no purpose. At last they espied in front of the door, two venerable trees, which no one had ever seen there before. One was an oak and the other a linden tree.

While the guests were marveling how these trees could have come to be so tall in a single night, a breeze sprang up and set their boughs astir. Then there was a deep murmur in the air, as if the two trees were speaking.

"I am Philemon!" murmured the oak.

"I am Baucis!" murmured the linden tree.

And oh, what a hospitable shade did they fling around them. Whenever a wayfarer paused beneath it, he heard a pleasant whisper of the leaves above his head, and wondered how the sound could so much resemble words like these:—

"Welcome, welcome, dear traveler, welcome!"

—Nathaniel Hawthorne.

From "The Wonder-Book."

THE CHILD OF URBINO

MANY, many years ago, in old Urbino, in the pleasant land of Italy, a little boy stood looking out of a high window into the calm, sunshiny day. He was a pretty boy with hazel eyes and fair hair cut straight above his brows. He wore a little blue tunic with some embroidery about the neck of it, and in his hand he carried a little round cap of the same color.

He was a very happy little boy here in this stately yet kindly Urbino. He had a dear old grandfather and a loving mother; and he had a father who was very tender to him, and who was full of such true love of art that the child breathed it with every breath he drew.

He often said to himself, "I mean to become a painter, too." And the child understood that to be a painter was to be the greatest thing in the world; for this child was Raphael, the seven-year-old son of Giovanni Sanzio.

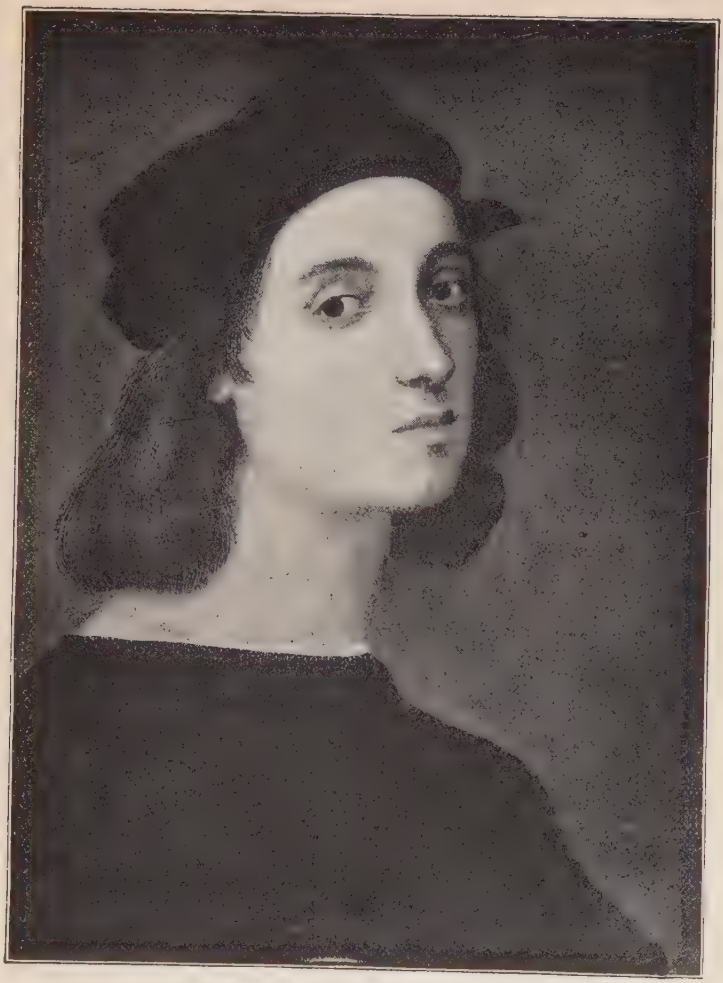
In those days it was good to live in old Urbino. There was a genuine love of beautiful things, a sense of public spirit, and a calm contentment among the people of that time, which made them happy and prosperous. All work was thoroughly done; in the fine old houses every stone was sound, every orna-

ment well wrought and beautiful. Through all Italy there was a genuine love of what makes life joyous, and especially in the home of Raphael was there peace and sweet contentment.

Can you not picture to yourself good, wise Giovanni Sanzio, with his old father by his side, and his little son running before him, in the evening time, with the deep church bells swaying above them, and the last sun rays smiting the frescoed walls? Whenever I recall Urbino as it was, I wish it had been my lot to live then in that mountain home and to meet that dear child going along his happy, smiling way, garnering in his young soul all the beautiful sights and sounds around him!

"Let him alone: he will paint all this some day," said his wise father. And the child never tired of looking from his aerie on the rocks and noting all that passed below. Do you not wish, with me, that you could stand in the window with Raphael to see down upon the earth as it then was?

At this time Urbino was growing into fame for its pottery work, and when its duke wished to send a bridal gift or a present on other festal occasions, he often chose some of his own Urbino ware. Jars and bowls and platters, oval dishes and ewers and vases, were all made and painted at Urbino, whilst Raphael Sanzio was running about on rosy, infantine feet.



PORTRAIT OF RAPHAEL.

There was a master potter in that day, one Benedetto, who did things rare and fine in the Urbino ware. He lived within a stone's throw of Giovanni Sanzio, and had a beautiful daughter, by name Pacifica. The house of Benedetto was a long, stone building with a porch at the back all overclimbed by hardy rose trees, and looking on a garden in which grew abundantly pear trees, plum trees, and strawberries. The little son of neighbor Sanzio ran in and out of this bigger house and wider garden of Benedetto at his pleasure, for the maiden Pacifica was always glad to see him, and even the master potter would show the child how to lay the color on the tremulous unbaked clay. Raphael loved Pacifica, as he loved everything that was beautiful, and every one that was kind.

Master Benedetto had four apprentices or pupils at that time, but the one that Raphael and Pacifica liked best was one Luca, a youth with a noble, dark beauty of his own. For love of Pacifica he had come down from his mountain home and had bound himself to her father's service. Now he spent his days trying in vain to make designs fair enough to find favor in the eyes of his master.

One day, as Raphael was standing by his favorite window in the potter's house, his friend, the handsome Luca, who was also standing there, sighed so

deeply that the child was startled from his dreams. "Good Luca, what ails you?" he queried, winding his arms about the young man's knees.

"Oh, 'Faello!" sighed the apprentice, woefully, "here is a chance to win the hand of Pacifica if only I had talent. If the good Lord had only gifted me with a master's skill, instead of all the strength of this great body of mine, I might win Pacifica."

"What chance is it?" asked Raphael.

"Dear one," answered Luca, with a tremendous sigh, "you must know that a new order has come in this very forenoon from the Duke. He wishes a dish and a jar of the very finest majolica to be painted with the story of Esther and made ready in three months from this date. The master has said that whoever makes a dish and a jar beautiful enough for the great Duke shall become his partner and the husband of Pacifica. Now you see, 'Faello mine, why I am so bitterly sad of heart; — for at the painting of clay I am but a tyro. Even your good father told me that, though I had a heart of gold, yet I would never be able to decorate anything more than a barber's basin. Alas! what shall I do? They will all beat me;" and tears rolled down the poor youth's face.

Raphael heard all this in silence, leaning his elbows on his friend's knee, and his chin on the palms of his

own hands. He knew that the other pupils were better painters by far than his Luca; though not one of them was such a good-hearted youth, and for none of them did the maiden Pacifica care.

Raphael was very pensive for a while; then he raised his head and said, "Listen! I have thought of something, Luca. But I do not know whether you will let me try it."

"You angel child! What would your old Luca deny to you? But as for helping me, put that out of your little mind forever, for no one can help me."

"Let me try!" said the child a hundred times.

Luca could hardly restrain his shouts of mirth at the audacious fancy. Baby Raphael, only seven years old, to paint a majolica dish and vase for the Duke! But the sight of the serious face of Raphael, looking up with serene confidence, kept the good fellow grave. So utterly in earnest was the child, and so intense was Luca's despair, that the young man gave way to Raphael's entreaties.

"Never can I do aught," he said bitterly. "And sometimes by the help of cherubs the saints work miracles."

"It will be no miracle," replied Raphael; "it will be myself, and what the dear God has put into me."

From that hour Luca let him do what he would, and through all the lovely summer days the child

shut himself up in the garret and studied, and thought, and worked. For three months Raphael passed the most anxious hours of all his sunny young life. He would not allow Luca even to look at what he did. The swallows came in and out of the open window and fluttered all around him; the morning sunbeams came in, too, and made a halo about his golden head. He was only seven years old, but he labored as earnestly as if he were a man grown, his little rosy fingers grasping that pencil which was to make him, in life and death, more famous than all the kings of the earth.

Ah, how glad he was now that his father had let him draw since he was two years old, and that Master Benedetto had taught him some of the mysteries of ornamenting pottery! His face grew very serious and lost its color, and his large, hazel eyes looked very big and grave and dark.

So Raphael, unknown to any one else, worked on and on there in the attic, while the tulips bloomed and withered, and the honeysuckle was in flower in the hedges, and the wheat and barley were being cut in the quiet fields. For midsummer was come; the three months, all but a week, had passed by. Every one was now ready to compete for the Duke's choice.

One afternoon Raphael took Luca by the hand and said to him, "Come." He led the young man up to

the table beneath the window where he had passed so many days of the spring and summer. Luca gave a great cry and then fell on his knees, clasping the little feet of the child.

"Dear Luca," he said softly, "do not do that. If it be indeed good, let us thank God."

What Luca saw was the great oval dish and the great jar or vase with all manner of graceful symbols and classic designs wrought upon them. Their borders were garlanded with cherubs and flowers, and the landscapes were the beautiful landscapes round about Urbino; and amidst the figures there was one white-robed, golden-crowned Esther, to whom the child painter had given the face of Pacifica.

"Oh, wondrous boy!" sighed the poor apprentice as he gazed, and his heart was so full that he burst into tears. At last he said timidly: "But, Raphael, I do not see how your marvelous creation can help me! Even if you would allow it to pass as mine, I could not accept such a thing, — not even to win Pacifica. It would be a fraud, a shame."

"Wait just a little longer, my good friend, and trust me," said Raphael.

The next morning was a midsummer day. Now, the pottery was all to be placed on a long table, and the Duke was then to come and make his choice from amidst them. A few privileged persons had been

invited, among them the father of Raphael, who came with his little son clinging to his hand.

The young Duke and his court came riding down the street, and paused before the old stone house of the master potter. Bowing to the ground, Master Benedetto led the way and the others followed into the workshop. In all there were ten competitors. The dishes and jars were arranged with a number attached to each — no name to any.

The Duke, doffing his plumed cap, walked down the long room and examined each production in its turn. With fair words he complimented Signor Benedetto on the brave show, and only before the work of poor Luca was he entirely silent. At last, before a vase and a dish that stood at the farthest end of the table the Duke gave a sudden cry of wonder and delight.

"This is beyond all comparison," said he, taking the great oval dish in his hands. "It is worth its weight in gold. I pray you, quick, name the artist."

"It is marked number eleven, my lord," answered the master potter, trembling with pleasure and surprise. "Ho, you who reply to that number, stand out and give your name."

But no one moved. The young men looked at one another. Where was this nameless rival? There were but ten of themselves.

"Ho, there!" cried the master, becoming angry. "Can you not find a tongue? Who has wrought this wondrous work?"

Then the child loosened his little hand from his father's hold and stepped forward, and stood before the master potter.

"I painted it," he said, with a pleased smile, "I, Raphael."

Can you not fancy the wonder, the rapture, the questions, the praise, that followed on the discovery of the child artist? The Duke felt his eyes wet, and his heart swell. He took a gold chain from his own neck and threw it over Raphael's shoulders.

"There is your first reward," he said. "You will have many, O wondrous child, and you shall live when we who stand here are dust!"

Raphael, with winning grace, kissed the Duke's hand, and then turned to his own father.

"Is it true that I have won the prize?"

"Quite true, my child," said Sanzio, with tremulous voice.

Raphael looked up at Master Benedetto and gently said, "Then I claim the hand of Pacifica."

"Dear and marvelous child," murmured Benedetto, "you are only jesting, I know; but tell me in truth what you would have. I can deny you nothing; you are my master."

"I am your pupil," said Raphael with sweet simplicity. "Had you not taught me the secret of your colors, I could have done nothing. Now, dear Master, and you, my lord Duke, I pray you hear me. By the terms of this contest I have won the hand of

THE MADONNA. FROM A PAINTING BY RAPHAEL.

Pacifica and a partnership with Master Benedetto. I take these rights and I give them over to my dear friend, Luca, who is the truest man in all the world, and who loves Pacifica as no other can do."

Signor Benedetto stood mute and agitated. Luca,

pale as ashes, had sprung forward and dropped on his knees.

"Listen to the voice of an angel, my good Benedetto," said the Duke.

The master burst into tears. "I can refuse him nothing," he said with a sob.

"And call the fair Pacifica," cried the sovereign, "and I will give her myself, as a dower, as many gold pieces as we can cram into this famous vase. Young man, rise up, and be happy!"

But Luca heard not; he was still kneeling at the feet of Raphael.

— Louise de la Ramée.

HORATIUS AT THE BRIDGE

King Porsena gathered together a great army and came up against Rome. When men heard of his coming there was such a fear as had never been before. Nevertheless they were steadfastly purposed to hold out.

All that were in the country fled to the city. Round about the city they set guards to keep it, part being defended by walls, and part, for so it seemed, being made safe by the river.

But here a great peril had well-nigh overtaken the city. There was a wooden bridge on the river

by which the enemy could have crossed but for the courage of a certain Horatius. There was a hill which men called Janiculum on the opposite side of the river, and this hill King Porsena took by a sudden attack.

Horatius chanced to have been set to guard the bridge. He saw how the enemy were running at full speed to the place, and how the Romans were fleeing in confusion. He cried with a loud voice, "Men of Rome, if ye leave this bridge behind you for men to pass over, ye shall soon find that you have more enemies in your city than in Janiculum. Do ye therefore break it down with ax and fire as best ye can. In the meanwhile I, so far as one man may do, will stay the enemy."

As he spoke he ran forward to the farther end of the bridge and made ready to keep the way against the enemy. There stood two with him, Lartius and Herminius by name, men of noble birth and of great renown in arms. These three stayed the first onset of the enemy; and the men of Rome broke down the bridge.

When there was but a small part remaining, and they that broke it down called to the three that they should come back, Horatius bade the others return. He himself remained on the farther side, crying, "Dare ye now to fight with me? Why are ye thus

come up at the bidding of your master, King Porsena, to rob others of the freedom that ye care not to have for yourselves?"

For a while they delayed, looking each man to his neighbor, who should first deal with this champion of the Romans.

Then for very shame they all ran forward, and raising a great shout threw their javelins at him. These all he took upon his shield, nor stood less firmly in his place on the bridge. Suddenly the men of Rome raised a great shout, for the bridge was now broken down, and fell with a great crash into the river.

And as the enemy stayed awhile for fear, Horatius turned to the river and said, "O Father Tiber, I beseech thee this day that thou kindly receive this soldier and his arms." As he spake he leapt with all his arms into the river and swam across to his own people. Though many javelins of the enemy fell about him, he was not one whit hurt.

Nor did such valor fail to receive honor from the city. The citizens set up a statue of Horatius in the market place; and they gave him of the public lands so much as he could plow about in one day. Also there was this honor paid him, that each citizen took somewhat of his own store and gave it to him, for food was scarce in the city by reason of the siege.

— Alfred J. Church.

KEEPING THE BRIDGE

Out spake the Consul roundly:
"The bridge must straight go down;
For since Janiculum is lost,
Naught else can save the town."
Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
"To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his gods?

"Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now, who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?"

Then out spake Spurius Lartius,—
A Ramnian proud was he:
"Lo, I will stand on thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee."

And out spake strong Herminius, —
Of Titian blood was he:
"I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee."

"Horatius," quoth the Consul,
"As thou say'st, so let it be."
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless three.
For Romans, in Rome's quarrel,
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

The three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose.
But soon Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless three!

Meanwhile the ax and lever
Have manfully been plied,
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.

KEEPING THE BRIDGE.

"Come back, come back, Horatius!"
Loud cried the Fathers all;
"Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!"

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back;
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But, with a crash like thunder,
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream;
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

"Down with him!" cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
"Now yield thee!" cried Lars Porsena
"Now yield thee to our grace."

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Naught spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus naught spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome;—

"O Tiber! Father Tiber!
To whom the Roman's pray!
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day!"
So he spake, and, speaking, sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And, with his harness on his back,
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes, in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;

And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

"Out on him!" quoth false Sextus;
"Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!"
"Heaven help him!" quoth Lars Porsena,
"And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before."

And now the ground he touches,
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers,
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

— T. B. Macaulay.

From "Horatius."

THE GODS OF ANCIENT GREECE

Long, long ago, there lived, in the land which we call Greece, a race of brave men and beautiful women. They thought their own land the best and the fairest in the world; and as they watched the sunsets and the rising of the moon and all the other beautiful things that nature showed them, they were filled with awe and wonder.

Jupiter.

So they said, "There must be some mighty people living above us, who rule the sun and the moon and the stars and the oceans and the rivers and the woods. They are great and happy and good, and they live forever; and from them come all our joys and sorrows. Let us worship them and sing of them." And they called these mighty people gods and goddesses.

In the central part of Greece there stood a lofty mountain called Olympus. Its sides were covered

with thick green woods; and it was so high that its peak seemed to pierce through the clouds, up, up, into the sky, till the eye could scarcely follow it. None of the people of Greece had ever climbed to the top of Mount Olympus, and they said that it was there that the gods lived, among the clouds and the stars.

They pictured the marble halls, with their great shining pillars and their thrones of gold and silver. The walls of the palaces, they said, were covered with pictures such as no man's hand had ever painted, — pictures such as we sometimes see in the sunset sky, when the pink and gold and purple clouds sink in the west, changing their shape each moment that we gaze at them.

Sometimes the mighty rulers of the sun and the moon and all the world left their homes and came down to visit the people of the earth. Once in a great, great while, they came in their own true forms, but far oftener they took on the shape of animals or human beings, so that they might not be recognized.

The people of Greece believed that if they did anything wrong it would displease the gods, and that they would be punished by sickness or death or some other evil; but if they did what was right, those mighty ones would be pleased, and would love them and send them wealth and happiness.

So they built great temples of marble, and in them they set up gold and ivory statues of the gods; and there they came, in time of trouble, to ask for help and comfort; and when they were happy they came to offer up their thanks to the kind gods.

The king of the gods was Jupiter, who ruled not only the people of the earth, but the mighty ones who dwelt above. When storms raged, men said it was Jupiter who hurled the thunderbolts and guided the winds and the waters. His wife was Juno, the beautiful queen of heaven, who helped him in his work. Besides Jupiter and Juno there were many other gods and goddesses.

Apollo.

The Greeks watched the sun rise at dawn and they said it was the beautiful Apollo, the sun god, who drove his golden chariot from his palace in the east; and at nightfall, when the sun had sunk to rest, and the moon rode slowly across the heavens, they said, "It is the goddess Diana, guiding her silver car across the skies." Diana was also the goddess of the

hunt, and in the daytime she wandered through the green woods, with her arrows at her side, while her fleet hounds sped on in front of her, and a train of young girls and wood nymphs followed.

Venus, the queen of love and beauty, was the fairest of all the goddesses. She was supposed to have sprung from the sea one day, in a cloud of spray, and was so beautiful that gods and men joined to do her honor.

She had a little son named Cupid, who also was the god of love. He was sometimes called the god of the bow, because he was never seen without his bow and arrows. Cupid was always young and rosy and dimpled; he never grew up as other children do.

Neptune was the god of the sea and ruled over all the waters of the earth. When the sea rose in mighty billows, the Greeks said that Neptune was stirring them to anger with the trident that he always carried; but when the waters grew calm once more they thought that he had stilled the waves with his mighty power.

When men were wise and skillful, their knowledge was said to come from Minerva, the great goddess of wisdom. She could be even more powerful than mighty Mars, the war god, for by craftiness and cunning a few men sometimes overcame a whole army.

When Jupiter wished to send words of command

to the other gods or to men, he would summon the fleet-footed Mercury, who, with his winged sandals, could fly faster than the swiftest bird. In those old days people thought that all their dreams came from Jupiter and that Mercury brought them to earth; and when men died, that he led their spirits to the land of shades. This gloomy kingdom lay deep down in the center of the earth and its ruler was King Pluto.

JUNO.

Ceres was the goddess of the earth; and when the harvests were bountiful, the people said it was good Mother Ceres who made the green stalks spring up and be fruitful.

The Greeks in those old days believed that the gods lived their lives of mingled joy and sorrow, just as did the men who worshiped them. Poets told beautiful stories of them, and the people loved to listen to these tales of the spirits that ruled over the realms of nature. Men told these stories to their sons and daughters, who in their turn told them to

their children. Thus these stories or myths, as they are called, have come down even to our own day. They were first related thousands of years ago, but they are as much loved now as when the poets of ancient Greece sang of their beautiful country and its gods. —GRACE H. KUPFER.

Adapted from "Stories of Long Ago."

PROCRUSTES AND HIS BED

As Theseus was skirting the Vale along the foot of lofty Parnes, a very tall and strong man came down to meet him, dressed in rich garments. On his arms were golden bracelets, and round his neck a collar of jewels; and he came forward, bowing courteously, and held out both his hands, and spoke:—

"Welcome, fair youth, to these mountains; happy am I to have met you! For what greater pleasure to a good man than to entertain strangers? But I see that you are weary. Come up to my castle, and rest yourself awhile."

"I give you thanks," said Theseus; "but I am in haste to go up the valley, and to reach Aphidnai."

"Alas! you have wandered far from the right way, and you cannot reach Aphidnai to-night; for there are many miles of mountain between you and it, and steep passes, and cliffs dangerous after night-

fall. It is well for you that I met you; for my whole joy is to find strangers, and to feast them at my castle, and hear tales from them of foreign lands. Come up with me, and eat the best of venison, and drink the rich red wine: and sleep upon my famous bed, of which all travelers say that they never saw the like. For whatsoever the stature of my guest, however tall or short, that bed fits him to a hair, and he sleeps on it as he never slept before." And he laid hold on Theseus's hands, and would not let him go.

Theseus wished to go forward, but he was ashamed to seem churlish to so hospitable a man; and he was curious to see that wondrous bed; and besides, he was hungry and weary; yet he shrank from the man, he knew not why; for though his voice was gentle and fawning, it was dry and husky; and though his eyes were gentle, they were dull and cold like stones. But he consented, and went with the man up a glen which led from the road toward the peaks of Parnes, under the dark shadow of the cliffs.

And as they went up, the glen grew narrower, and the cliffs higher and darker, and beneath them a torrent roared, half seen between bare limestone crags. And around them was neither tree nor bush, while from the white peaks of Parnes the snow blasts swept down the glen, cutting and chilling, till a horror fell on Theseus, as he looked round at that doleful place.

And he said at last, "Your castle stands, it seems, in a dreary region."

"Yes, but once within it, hospitality makes all things cheerful. But who are these?" and he looked back, and Theseus also; and far below, along the road which they had left, came a string of laden asses, and merchants walking by them, watching their wares.

"Ah, poor souls!" said the stranger. "Well for them that I looked back and saw them! And well for me too, for I shall have the more guests at my feast. Wait awhile till I go down and call them and we will eat and drink together the livelong night. Happy am I, to whom heaven sends so many guests at once!" And he ran back down the hill, waving his hand and shouting to the merchants, while Theseus went slowly up the steep path.

But as he went up he met an aged man, who had been gathering driftwood in the torrent bed. He had laid down his fagot in the road, and was trying to lift it again to his shoulder. And when he saw Theseus, he called to him, and said: —

"O fair youth, help me up with my burden; for my limbs are stiff and weak with years."

Then Theseus lifted the burden on his back. And the old man blessed him, and then looked earnestly upon him, and said: —

"Who are you, fair youth, and wherefore travel this doleful road?"

"Who I am my parents know: but I travel this doleful road because I have been invited by a hospitable man, who promises to feast me, and to make me sleep upon I know not what wondrous bed."

Then the old man clapped his hands together, and cried: —

"Know, fair youth, that you are going to torment and to death; for he who met you (I will requite your kindness by another) is a robber and a murderer of men. Whatsoever stranger he meets he entices him hither to death; and as for this bed of which he speaks, truly it fits all comers, yet none ever rose alive off it save me."

"Why?" asked Theseus, astonished.

"Because, if a man be too tall for it, he lops his limbs till they be short enough, and if he be too short he stretches his limbs till they be long enough: but me only he spared, seven weary years agone; for I alone of all fitted his bed exactly, so he spared me, and made me his slave. And once I was a wealthy merchant, and dwelt in the great city of Thebes; but now I hew wood and draw water for him, the torment of all mortal men."

Then Theseus said nothing; but ground his teeth together.

"Escape then," said the old man, "for he will have no pity on thy youth. But yesterday he brought up hither a young man and a maiden, and fitted them upon his bed: and the young man's hands and feet he cut off; but the maiden's limbs he stretched until she died — but I am tired of weeping over the slain. And therefore he is called Procrustes the Stretcher. Flee from him; yet whither will you flee? The cliffs are steep, and who can climb them? and there is no other road."

But Theseus laid his hand upon the old man's mouth, and said, "There is no need to flee;" and he turned to go down the pass.

"Do not tell him that I have warned you, or he will kill me by some evil death;" and the old man screamed after him down the glen. But Theseus strode on in his wrath.

And he said to himself: "This is an ill-ruled land; when shall I have done ridding it of monsters?" And as he spoke, Procrustes came up the hill, and all the merchants with him, smiling and talking gayly. And when he saw Theseus, he cried, "Ah, fair young guest, have I kept you too long waiting?"

But Theseus answered, "The man who stretches his guests upon a bed, and hews off their hands and feet, what shall be done to him, when right is done throughout the land?"

THESEUS AND PROCRUSTES.

Then the countenance of Procrustes changed, and his cheeks grew as green as a lizard, and he felt for his sword in haste. But Theseus leaped on him, and cried, —

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" and he clasped Procrustes round waist and elbow, so that he could not draw his sword.

"Is this true, my host, or is it false?" But Procrustes answered never a word.

Then Theseus flung him from him, and lifted up his dreadful club; and before Procrustes could strike him he had struck, and felled him to the ground.

And once again Theseus struck Procrustes; and his evil soul fled forth, like a bat into the darkness of a cave.

Then Theseus stripped him of his gold ornaments, and went up to his house, and found there great wealth and treasure, which he had stolen from the passers-by. And he went down the mountains, and away.

And he went down the glens of Parnes, through mist, and cloud, and rain, till he came to the pleasant town of Aphidnai, and the home of the heroes, where they dwelt beneath a mighty elm.

— Charles Kingsley.

From "Greek Heroes."

THE SOWER

And great multitudes were gathered together unto Jesus, so that he went into a ship, and sat; and the whole multitude stood on the shore.

And he spake many things unto them in parables, saying:

Behold a sower went forth to sow:

And when he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, and the fowls came and devoured them up:

Some fell upon stony places, where they had not much earth; and forthwith they sprung up, because they had no deepness of earth:

And when the sun was up, they were scorched; and because they had no root, they withered away:

And some fell among thorns; and the thorns sprung up, and choked them:

But other fell into good ground, and brought forth fruit, some an hundred fold, some sixty fold, some thirty fold.

Who hath ears to hear, let him hear.

From "St. Matthew."

DAYBREAK

A WIND came up out of the sea,
And said, "O mists, make room for me."

It hailed the ships, and cried, "Sail on,
Ye mariners; the night is gone!"

And hurried landward far away,
Crying, "Awake! it is the day."

It said unto the forest, "Shout!
Hang all your leafy banners out!"

It touched the wood-bird's folded wing,
And said, "O bird, awake and sing."

And o'er the farms, "O chanticleer,
Your clarion blow; the day is near."

It whispered to the fields of corn,
"Bow down, and hail the coming morn."

It shouted through the belfry tower,
"Awake, O bell! proclaim the hour."

It crossed the churchyard with a sigh,
And said, "Not yet! in quiet lie."

— LONGFELLOW.

THE FIRST DAY OF SPRING

O THOU bright and beautiful day!
First bright day of the virgin Spring,
Bringing the slumbering life into play,
Giving the leaping bird his wing.

I hear thy voice in the lark's clear note,
In the cricket's chirp at the evening hour,
In the zephyr's sighs that around me float,
In the breathing bud and the opening flower.

—W. G. SIMMS.

THE SECRETS OF SPRING

THERE'S something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare —
A scent of summer things,
A whir as if of wings.

There's something, too, that's new
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky,
Before the sun is high.

And all this changing tint,
This whispering stir and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
Is the coming of the spring.

And to-morrow or to-day
The brooks will break away
From their icy, frozen sleep,
And run, and laugh, and leap.

So, silently but swift,
Above the wintry drift,
The long days gain and gain,
Until on hill and plain, —

Once more, and yet once more,
Returning as before,
We see the bloom of birth
Make young again the earth.

— Nora Perry.

SIR ROBIN

Rollicking Robin is here again.
What does he care for the April rain?
Care for it? Glad of it. Doesn't he know
That the April rain carries off the snow,
And coaxes out leaves to shadow his nest,
And washes his pretty red Easter vest,
And makes the juice of the cherry sweet,
For his hungry little robins to eat?
"Ha, ha, ha!" hear the jolly bird laugh,
"That isn't the best of the story, by half!"

Gentleman Robin, he walks up and down,
Dressed in orange-tawny and black and brown.
Though his eye is so proud and his step so firm,
He can always stoop to pick up a worm.
With a twist of his head, and a strut and a hop,
To his Robin-wife, in the peach-tree top,
Chirping her heart out, he calls: "My dear,
You don't earn your living! Come here! Come here!
Ha, ha, ha! Life is lovely and sweet;
But what would it be if we'd nothing to eat?"

Robin, Sir Robin, gay, red-vested knight,
Now you have come to us, summer's in sight.
You never dream of the wonders you bring, —
Visions that follow the flash of your wing.
How all the beautiful By-and-by
Around you and after you seems to fly!
Sing on, or eat on, as pleases your mind!
Well have you earned every morsel you find.
"Ay! Ha, ha, ha!" whistles Robin. "My dear,
Let us all take our own choice of good cheer!"

— Lucy Larcom.

The world is so full of a number of things,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as kings.

— R. L. Stevenson.

SKY-BORN MUSIC

Let me go where'er I will,
I hear a sky-born music still.
It is not only in the rose,
It is not only in a bird,
Not only where the rainbow glows,
Nor in the song of woman heard;
But in the darkest, meanest things,—
There always, always, something sings.

—Ralph Waldo Emerson.

JAIKIE'S FLOWER GARDEN

It was Jiminy's garden, or at least his father's, which is the same thing, or even better. For his father lived in a gloomy study with severe books all about him, and was no more conscious of the existence of the beautiful garden than if it had been the Desert of Sahara.

The boys did not go to school, but Jiminy had a brief and terrible struggle with the Latin verb for an hour every morning in his father's study, from which he emerged to forget all about the matter for the other twenty-three.

The old garden was cut into squares by noble walks bordered by boxwood, high like a hedge.

There was an orchard also, with old gnarled trees green-mossed, that bore little fruit, but made a glory of shade in the dog days.

Up among the branches Jiminy made a platform, like those Jaikie read to him about in a book of Indian travel, where the hunters waited for tigers to come underneath them. Ever since Jaikie became lame he lived at the manse and the minister let him read all sorts of books if so he wished. Jiminy cared little about books, but Jaikie looked upon each one of them as a new gate to paradise.

Once it was Jaikie who used always to do what Jiminy bade him; but, after Jaikie was hurt, it was quite different. Jiminy now came to Jaikie and said, "What shall we do to-day?" And then he would wheel his friend in a little carriage the village joiner made, and afterward carry him among the orchard trees to the place Jaikie wanted to go.

"Jiminy," said Jaikie, "the flowers are bonnie in the plots, but they are all prisoners. Let us make a place where they can grow as they like." Perhaps he thought of himself laid weak and lonely, when the green world without was all a-growing and a-blowing.

"Bring some of the flowers up to this corner," said Jaikie, the lame boy, and it was not long till Jiminy brought them. The ground was baked and dry, how-

ever, and soon they would have withered, but that Jaikie issued his commands, and Jiminy ran for pails upon pails of water from the little burn where now the water had stopped flowing, and only slept in pools with a little green scum over them.

"I can't carry water all night like this," said Jiminy at last. "I suppose we must give up this wild garden here in the corner of the orchard."

"No," said Jaikie, rubbing his lame ankle where it always hurt, "we must not give it up, for it is our very own, and I shall think about it to-night between the clock-strikes." For Jaikie used to lie awake and count the hours when the pain was at the worst.

So in the little room next to Jiminy's, Jaikie lay awake and hearkened to the gentle breathing of his friend. Jiminy always said when he went to bed, "I'll keep awake to-night sure, Jaikie, and talk to you." And Jaikie only smiled a wan smile with a soul in it, for he knew that as soon as Jiminy's drowsy head touched the pillow, he would be in the dim and beautiful country of Nod, leaving poor Jaikie to rub the leg in which the pains ran races up and down, and to listen for the next stroke of the clock.

As he lay, Jaikie thought of the flowers in the corner of the orchard thirsty and sick. It might be that they, like him, were sleepless and suffering. He remembered the rich carnations with their dower of

sweet savor, the dark indigo cornflowers, the spotted musk monkey flowers, smelling like a village flower show. They would all be drooping and sad, and it might be that the ferns would be dead — all but the hart's tongue; which, though moisture-loving, can yet train itself to endure and abide thirsty and unslaked. But the thought of their pain worked in Jaikie's heart.

"Maybe it will make me forget my foot if I can go and water them." So he arose, crawling on his hands and knees downstairs very softly, past where Jiminy tossed in his bed, and softer still past the minister's door. But there was no sound save the creak of the stair under him. Jaikie crept to the water pail, and got the large quart tankard that hung by the side of the wall. It was a hard job for a little lad to get a heavy tin vessel filled, — a harder one still to unlock the door and creep away across the square of gravel. "You have no idea," he said afterward, "how badly gravel hurts your knees when they are bare."

Luckily it was a hot night, and not a breath of air was stirring, so the little white-clad figure moved slowly across the front of the house to the green gate of the garden. Jaikie could reach out only as far as his arms would go with the tin of water. Then painfully he pulled himself forward toward the

tankard. But in spite of all he made headway, and soon he was creeping up the middle walk, past the great central sundial, which seemed high as a church-steeple above him. The ghostly moths fluttered about him, attracted by the waving white of his garments. In their corner he found the flowers, and, as he had thought, they were withered and drooping. He lifted the water with his palms, and sprinkled it upon the plants, taking care that none dripped through, for it was very precious, and he seemed to have carried it many miles. As soon as they felt the water upon them, the flowers paid him back in perfume.

"I wish I had some for you, dear buttercups," said Jaikie to the golden chalices which grew in the hollows by the burnside; "can you wait another day?"

"We have waited long," they seemed to reply; "we can surely wait another day."

Then the honeysuckle reached down a single tendril to touch Jaikie on the cheek. "Some for me, please," it said; "there are so many of us at our house, and so little to get. Our roots are such a long way off, and the big fellows farther down get most of the juice before it comes our way. If you cannot water us all, you might pour a little on our heads." So Jaikie lifted up his tankard and poured the few drops that were in the bottom upon the nodding heads of the honeysuckle blooms.

"Bide a little while," said he, "and you shall have plenty for root and flower, for branch and vine and stem."

There were not many little boys more loving than Jaikie in all the world; and with his work and his helping and talking, he had quite forgotten about the pain in his foot. He began to creep back again in the quiet, colorless night; but before he had gone away the honeysuckle said, "Remember to come back to-morrow and water us, and we will get ready such fine, full cups of honey for you!"

And Jaikie promised. He shut the gate to keep out the hens. He crept across the pebbles, and they hurt his knees more than ever. He hung up the tin dipper again on its peg, and climbed the stairs to his bedroom. Jiminy was breathing as quietly as a lazy red-spotted trout in the shadow of the bank on a warm afternoon. Jaikie crept into his bed and fell asleep without a thought.

He did not awake till quite late in the day, when Jiminy came to tell him that somebody had been watering the flowers in the Corner of Shadows during the night. "I think it must have been the angels," said Jiminy, before Jaikie had time to tell him how it all happened. "My father thinks so, too."

—S. R. Crockett.

From "Bog Myrtle and Peat."

A LIFE OF FEAR

As I sat looking from my window the other morning upon a red squirrel gathering nuts from a small hickory, and storing them up in his den in the bank, I was forcibly reminded of the state of constant fear and apprehension in which the wild creatures live, and I tried to picture to myself what life would be to me, or to any of us, hedged about by so many dangers, real or imaginary.

The squirrel would shoot up the tree, making only a brown streak from the bottom to the top; would seize his nut and rush down again in the most hurried manner. Halfway to his den, which was not over three rods distant, he would rush up the trunk of another tree for a few yards to make an observation. No danger being near, he would dive into his den and reappear again in a twinkling.

Returning for another nut, he would mount the second tree again for another observation. Satisfied that the coast was clear, he would spin along the top of the ground to the tree that bore the nuts, shoot up it as before, seize the fruit, and then back again to his retreat.

Never did he fail, during the half hour or more that I watched him, to take an observation on his way both to and from his nest. It was "snatch and

run" with him. Something seemed to say to him all the time: "Look out! look out!" "The cat!" "The hawk!" "The owl!" "The boy with the gun!"

It was a bleak December morning; the first fine flakes of a cold, driving snowstorm were just beginning to sift down, and the squirrel was eager to finish harvesting his nuts in time. It was quite touching to see how hurried and anxious and nervous he was. I felt like going out and lending a hand.

The nuts were small, and I thought of all the gnawing he would have to do to get at the scanty meat they held. My little boy once took pity on a squirrel that lived in the wall near the gate, and cracked the nuts for him, and put them upon a small board shelf in the tree, where he could sit and eat them at his ease.

The red squirrel is not so provident as the chipmunk. He lays up stores irregularly, by fits and starts; he never has enough put up to carry him over winter; hence he is more or less active all the season. Long before the December snow, the chipmunk has for days been making hourly trips to his den with full pockets of nuts or corn or buckwheat, till his bin holds enough to carry him through to April. He need not, and I believe does not, set foot out of doors during the whole winter.

Eternal vigilance is the price of life with most of the wild creatures. There is only one among them whose wildness I cannot understand, and that is the common water turtle. Why is this creature so fearful? What are its enemies? I know of nothing that preys upon it. Yet see how watchful and suspicious these turtles are as they sun themselves upon a log or a rock. While you are yet many yards away from them, they slide down into the water and are gone.

The land turtle, on the other hand, shows scarcely a trace of fear. He will indeed pause in his walk when you are very near him, but he will not retreat into his shell till you have poked him with your foot or your cane. He appears to have no enemies; but the little spotted water turtle is as shy as if he were the delicate tidbit that every creature was searching for. I did once find one which a fox had dug out of the mud in winter, and carried a few rods and dropped on the snow, as if he had found he had no use for it.

The raccoon is probably the most courageous creature among our familiar wild animals. Who ever saw a raccoon show the white feather? He will face any odds with composure. I have seen one upon the ground, beset by four men and two dogs, and never for a moment losing his presence of mind, or showing a sign of fear. The raccoon is clear grit.

The fox is a very wild and suspicious creature, but,

curiously enough, when you suddenly come face to face with him, when he is held by a trap, or driven by the hound, his expression is not that of fear, but of shame and guilt. He seems to diminish in size and to be overwhelmed with humiliation. Does he know himself to be an old thief, and is that the reason of his embarrassment?

In the heart of the rabbit fear constantly abides. The fox is after her, the owls are after her, the gunners are after her, and she has no defense but her speed. She always keeps well to cover. The northern hare keeps in the thickest brush. If the hare or rabbit crosses a broad, open exposure, it does so hurriedly, like a mouse when it crosses the road. The mouse is in danger of being pounced upon by the hawk, and the hare or rabbit by the snowy owl, or else the great horned owl.

A friend of mine was following one morning a fresh rabbit track through an open field. Suddenly the track came to an end, as if the creature had taken wings, — as it had, after an unpleasant fashion. There, on either side of its last foot imprint, were several parallel lines in the snow, made by the wings of the great owl that had swooped down and carried it off. What a little tragedy was seen written there upon the white, even surface of the field!

— John Burroughs.

From "Squirrels and other Fur-bearers."

THE APPLE BLOSSOMS

Have you seen an apple orchard in the spring?
In the spring?
A blooming apple orchard in the spring?
When the spreading trees are hoary
With their wealth of promised glory,
And the mavis pipes his story
In the spring?

Have you plucked the apple blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
And caught their subtle odors in the spring?
Pink buds pouting at the light,
Crumpled petals baby-white,
Just to touch them a delight —
In the spring!

Have you walked beneath the blossoms in the spring?
In the spring?
Beneath the apple blossoms in the spring?
When the pink cascades are falling,
And the silver brooklets brawling,
And the cuckoo bird soft calling,
In the spring?

If you have not, then you know not, in the spring,
In the spring,

Half the color, beauty, wonder of the spring.
No sweet sight can I remember
Half so precious, half so tender,
As the apple blossoms render
In the spring.

— William Wesley Martin.

SPRING

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair,
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

Out in the lonely woods the jasmine burns
Its fragrant lamps, and turns
Into a royal court with green festoons
The banks of dark lagoons.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn;

As yet the turf is dark, although you know
That, not a span below,
A thousand germs are groping through the gloom,
And soon will burst their tomb.

Already, here and there, on frailest stems
Appear some azure gems,
Small as might deck, upon a gala day,
The forehead of a fay.

In gardens you may note amid the dearth
The crocus breaking earth;
And near the snowdrop's tender white and green,
The violet in its screen.

And there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.

At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await
Before a palace gate

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start,
If from some beech's heart,
A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me, I am May!"

— Henry Timrod.

A SONG

THERE is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  There is ever a something sings alway:
There's the song of the lark when the skies are clear,
  And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.
The sunshine showers across the grain,
  And the bluebird trills in the orchard tree;
And in and out, when the eaves drip rain,
  The swallows are twittering carelessly.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  Be the skies above or dark or fair;
There is ever a song that our hearts may hear —
There is ever a song somewhere, my dear —
  There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear,
  In the midnight black or the midday blue:
The robin pipes when the sun is here,
  And the cricket chirrups the whole night through;
The buds may blow and the fruit may grow,
  And the autumn leaves drop crisp and sere:
But whether the sun or the rain or the snow,
  There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

— JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

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THE HEART OF THE TREE

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants the friend of sun and sky,
He plants the flag of breezes free,
The shaft of beauty towering high;
He plants a home to heaven anigh
For song and mother-croon of bird
In hushed and happy twilight heard,
The treble of heaven's harmony;
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants cool shade and tender rain
And seed and bud of days to be
And years that fade and flush again.
He plants the forest's heritage,
The harvest of a coming age,
The joy that unborn eyes shall see;
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood
In love of home and loyalty
And far-cast thought of civic good,
His blessing on the neighborhood.
Who in the hollow of his hand
Holds all the growth of all our land,

A nation's growth from sea to sea,
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

— H. C. Bunner.

MY BABES IN THE WOOD

It was toward the end of May, and our garden was becoming a great resort for birds. It is a very old-fashioned garden, stocked with ancient fruit trees. There is a luxuriant undergrowth of currants, gooseberries, and raspberries, running almost wild. In this paradise are admitted neither guns nor traps; so it is a region well known to all our feathered neighbors, and is a most desirable place for their house-building.

Nest-building was at its height in the tree tops. The most important mansion was owned by a pair of birds which, I believe, were thrushes, though they did not sing. They had gone about their domestic affairs so silently that the youngsters were nearly fledged before the nest was discovered. Afterward, for days, they gave me no little anxiety.

I used to be disturbed in my work by these big, ungainly birds. They were nearly as large as pigeons, — and kept flying frantically about the garden, screeching wildly, all because a curious but well-meaning lad was peering into their nest. If my pet cat happened

to be lying in sleepy innocence on the window sill, these indignant parents would swoop fiercely past him close enough to have pecked his eyes out. Then lighting on a near-by tree they would sit there screeching at him.

He never took any notice of them; but from the day that the newly fledged youngsters were seen hopping awkwardly about under the gooseberry bushes, I was kept in mortal fear lest my cat should walk in at the window with a young thrush in his mouth. No such disaster happened; yet I confess that when the thrush family finally disappeared, it was a great relief to my mind.

My next friends were a pair of tomtits, which took possession of a crack in the wall underneath my bedroom window. It was a mystery how they contrived to creep in and out of a hole apparently not big enough to admit a large bluebottle fly. Their little family must have been reared in very cramped lodgings. Nobody ever saw the young ones, yet it was pleasant of a morning to watch the old birds flying to and fro, hanging a moment outside of the crack, and then popping in. They were very pretty birds, the father especially — a natty little fellow, delicately shaped, with a glossy blue-black head. After feeding time was over, he used to go and sit on the nearest tree, in sight of his tiny house, brushing up his feathers, and

singing lustily. When at last this worthy little couple vanished — children and all — I greatly missed them from the crack in the wall.

But of all my garden families, the one most cared for was that which I have to-day lost — my babes in the wood. It was about the end of May, when, in my daily walk before breakfast, I found that, whenever I passed a particular corner, I always startled some large bird, which flew away in alarm. And at last I saw it, beak, head, and all, emerging from a hole in a half-decayed apple tree. It was a blackbird.

"So, my friend," said I, "you have found a home, and you shall not be disturbed."

Therefore, though I passed the tree twenty times a day, and each time out flew a bird, for many days I kept from taking any notice of the busy little housebuilders. At last, I ventured to look in. There I saw, deep in the hollow tree, four bluish eggs.

Considering them now fairly settled in housekeeping, I took every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the newcomers. Soon I knew them well by sight, and they certainly had a fair chance of returning the compliment.

The old birds were a goodly pair. Mr. B., as I named him, was an uncommonly handsome little

gentleman — jet black, with the slenderest figure, the yellowest bill, and the brightest eyes. Indeed, he was quite a dandy among blackbirds. But, with all his beauty, he was the most attentive of husbands, and the most cheerful and musical of songsters. He had great richness and variety of song, and made distinct turns and trills.

He never tired of singing. Lying awake one night, I heard him begin with the first peep of dawn; and in showery weather his exuberant carols lasted all day long. But the treat of treats was to watch him perched on the topmost spray of a poplar, and listen to him in the still June evening singing to his wife and family. His cheerful song almost brought tears into one's eyes to think there should be such a happy creature in this cruel world.

All sorts of things were week after week happening in the outside world, while the blithe bird was peaceful in his garden. He no doubt looked upon it as his own personal property, currants, raspberry-bushes, and all. And still he sang over and over his song of love and joy.

Mrs. B. I rarely saw, not even when looking down into the nest, though she was probably there all the while, brooding dusky and motionless over the four eggs. I thought the eggs a long time hatching; but

that was Mrs. B.'s affair, not mine, and so I refrained from disturbing her.

One fine morning, passing the apple tree, I heard a chirp, weak and faint, but still the chirp of a living thing. The parents flew about so wildly, and appeared in such a frantic state of mind, that I had not the heart to frighten them further by peering into the nest. Next day, in their absence, I did so; and lo! four wide-open mouths stretched themselves up from the bottom of the hole, demanding something to eat. They seemed to be mouths and nothing else.

The third, fourth, and all following days it was just the same. I never saw any young creatures so incessantly hungry. As soon as my step was heard there arose from the heart of the apple tree four gaping beaks appealing to me for their breakfast. It was very flattering — to be mistaken for an old blackbird!

In course of time, my young family grew wiser and less clamorous; but still they always chirped when I looked in at the nest, and their parents, seeing no ill result, became more at ease — even familiar. Many a morning, as I sat reading under a tree about three yards off, Mrs. B. would come and sit on the bough near her nursery, and hold a soft chirping conversation with her little ones. Meanwhile her husband was practicing his joyous music on the topmost branch

of the tree. They were a very happy family, and a pattern to many unfeathered families far and near.

One night in June there was a terrific storm. The thunder, close overhead, rolled through the heavy dawn like artillery; the rain came dripping through the roof and soaking in at the window sills. We afterward heard, with no great surprise, of buildings struck, wheat stacks burned, and trees in the next garden blasted by the lightning. But, amid all these disasters, my chief anxiety was about my young blackbirds. What would become of the poor creatures? Their nest being open to the sky, I feared that the torrents of rain would fill it like a tub, and drown them.

How this did not happen I am puzzled to decide.

It may be that the parents, turning their wings into umbrellas, sat patiently over the opening of the hole till the storm was past. But next morning, when I waded through the dripping garden to see if they were alive, there they were, all four, as lively and hungry as ever! And at noon a stray sunbeam, piercing into their shadowy nursery, gave me a distinct vision of the whole family, sound asleep, packed tightly together, not a feather ruffled. How happy and contented they were! What cared they for rain and thunderstorms?

Once, coming suddenly round the corner, I saw on the edge of the hole the drollest little head, which looked about for a minute, and then popped down again. Doubtless this was the eldest of the family, desirous to see the world for himself. The next day the silence in the nest was such that I thought they had all flown; but I soon afterward caught sight of the four little yellow bills and eight twinkling eyes. Still one might now expect their departure at any time; and I own to a sad feeling at the thought of the empty nest.

One morning I overheard two of my neighbors conversing. "Yes," said one, "they are very great annoyances in gardens. I shot, this morning, a fellow which no doubt had his nest somewhere near — a remarkably fine blackbird."

"Sir," I was just on the point of saying, "was it *my* blackbird? Have you dared to shoot *my* blackbird?" and a thrill of alarm passed through me.

The wrong he did, however, was to some other young family, not mine. I found my birds chirping away, neither fatherless nor motherless. Mrs. B. was hopping among the apple branches, and Mr. B. was caroling his heart out in his favorite cherry tree.

My happy family! That was my last sight of their innocent enjoyment. The same evening a warning voice called out to me, "Your blackbirds are flown. They just climbed out of the nest and away they flew."

I looked into the familiar hole in the apple tree: there was the nest, neat and round but empty.

—Dinah Mulock Craik.

From "Studies from Life."

HYMNS OF NATURE

The heavens declare the glory of God;
And the firmament sheweth his handiwork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.

The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice;
Let the multitude of isles be glad.
The heavens declare his righteousness,
And all the people see his glory.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys,
Which run among the hills.
He watereth the hills from his chambers:
The earth is satisfied with the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man:
That he may bring forth food out of the earth.
He appointeth the moon for seasons:
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness and it is night.

He turneth rivers into a wilderness,
And the water springs into dry ground.
He turneth the wilderness into a standing water,
And dry ground into water springs.
And there he maketh the hungry to dwell,
That he may prepare a city for habitation;
And sow the fields, and plant the vineyards,
Which may yield fruits of increase.

He telleth the number of the stars:
He calleth them all by their names.
He covereth the heaven with clouds,
He prepareth rain for the earth,

He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.
He giveth to the beast his food,
And to the young ravens which cry.

He giveth snow like wool:
He scattereth the hoar frost like ashes.
He casteth forth his ice like morsels:
Who can stand before his cold?
He sendeth out his word, and melteth them:
He causeth his wind to blow, and the waters to flow

Great is our Lord, and of great power:
His understanding is infinite.

From "The Book of Psalms."

THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;

Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid these radiant orbs be found;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
Forever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

—Joseph Addison.

MAY MORNING

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that dost inspire
Mirth and youth and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing;
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

—John Milton.

THE GLADNESS OF NATURE

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hangbird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground squirrel gayly chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping waters and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

— William Cullen Bryant.

TO-DAY

So here hath been dawning
  Another blue day;
Think wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

Out of Eternity
  This new day is born,
Into Eternity,
  At night, will return.

Behold it aforetime
  No eye ever did;
So soon it forever
  From all eyes is hid!

Here hath been dawning
  Another blue day;
Think wilt thou let it
  Slip useless away?

—Thomas Carlyle.

THE LAME BOY AND HIS FRIENDS

Daniel Taylor was a poor boy, and he was lame. By a sad accident both of his legs were badly broken when he was but a little fellow. Had he lived to be as old as Methuselah, his legs would have been as

useless to him all through his long life as if they had been blades of the tenderest grass. So as Daniel had to depend upon artificial supports, he began to use crutches almost before he had learned to toddle.

Because of his lameness he was not able to run about as other boys did, so he turned his attention to a pair of canaries which were a part of the Taylor household.

In course of time the birds grew to be very fond of Daniel, and he taught them such pretty tricks that good-natured neighbors made him presents of other birds, such as a linnet, or a lark, or a pair of bull-finches, until he had gathered about him a small collection of feathered younglings. He was himself so gentle and amiable that with these companions his life was as happy as life could be.

Daniel did not mope or fret because his legs were useless, and because he was compelled to use crutches, but, on the contrary, he loved his wooden props.

There are few boys in the world who are without their boy friends. Daniel's friend was named Joshua, but Daniel called him "Jo." It was not quite right for Joshua, he said, but Jo sounded pretty. And so it did from Daniel's lips.

As they grew in years, the tie that united the two boys was strengthened until a very perfect and unselfish love was established between them. Each boy had

his particular fancy: Joshua's was music, and Daniel's was birds.

"I wish your legs were like mine, Dan," said Joshua.

"It's no use wishing," replied Dan. "You know what mother says, 'It takes all sorts of people to make a world.'"

"Sound legs and broken legs? Eh, Dan?"

"Yes," answered Dan, merrily, "and long ones and short ones, and thick ones and thin ones. Besides, if I had the strongest and biggest legs in the world, I don't think I should be happier than I am."

"But wouldn't you like to be a hero, as I am going to be?" asked Joshua.

"We can't all be heroes. You go and fight with lions; I will stop and play with birds. I could not tame lions, but I can tame birds."

Dan was fond of speaking about lions, because his name was Daniel; and many and many a time had he and Joshua read the wonderful story of Daniel in the lions' den. Joshua did not know much of the Bible until Dan read to him in his thin, sweet voice the stories in that Book of books.

"There was a hero for you!" exclaimed Joshua. "I wonder what made him so brave."

"Because he was doing what he knew to be right," replied Dan; "and because he was not afraid to

speak the truth even to Belshazzar. I am not a bit brave," continued Dan; "that is because I am lame, perhaps. If I were thrown into a lion's den, I should die of fear, I am sure I should; but if I were thrown into a bird's cage, full of strange birds, I would soon make friends with them, and they would come and eat out of my hand in no time."

Dan, indeed, was wonderfully learned about birds and their habits, and possessed a singular power over them. He could train them to do almost anything. And, bear this in mind, he used no cruel means in his training of them. What he taught them he taught them by kindness, and they obeyed him from love and not from fear. The nature of his own suffering, which made his life a quiet one, sharpened his mind, and brought him a surprising patience. If it had been otherwise, he never could have trained the birds so thoroughly. Whatever they were, — blackbirds, linnets, larks, bullfinches, canaries, — they were one and all his willing slaves, and performed the tasks he set them with their best ability.

Give Dan any one of these birds, and in a few weeks it would hop upon his fingers, dance at his whistle, come at his call, fall dead upon the table, and jump up again at a given signal as lively as a cricket.

He made little carts for them to draw, little

swords for them to carry, little ladders for them to climb up, little guns for them to fire off, little houses for them to go into and come out of.

It was a sight worth seeing, to watch them go through their performances. The dead bird would lie on its back on the table, and watch cunningly out of a corner of the left eye for the signal to come to life again. The family birds would go into the house, and presently their heads would pop out of the chimneys as if to see what sort of weather it was. One of the company would hop upon the cart, in which a gun was fixed, and touch a slip of wood, which, in some mysterious way, would cause the gun to go off. Then the bird would jump briskly down and place its head in a ring in the shafts and hop away to another battle field to fire off the gun again. Two military birds would march up and down in front of the house, holding little wooden swords in their beaks, as if to say, "Approach, if you dare, and meet your doom!" The climbing bird would hop up the steps of the ladder, and then hop down again triumphantly, as if it had performed a feat of which any bird might be proud.

It was a pleasant thing to see and know that the birds enjoyed the fun and delighted in it. Of course there were hitches in the performances. Occasionally the birds were dull or obstinate, but as a rule they

were tractable and obedient. Even if they did sometimes bungle their tricks, they might very well be excused, for they were feeble creatures after all.

So Dan passed his time innocently, and loved his pets and his pets loved him. Joshua grew to love them, too. He learned all their pretty little vocal

tricks, and could imitate the different languages of the birds in such a wonderful manner that they would stop and listen to his warbling, and could answer him with joyful notes of their own.

When the boys were in a merry mood, they and the birds would join in a concert which was almost as good as the scraping of fiddles and the playing of flutes.

Sometimes, in the evening, Joshua would play soft music on an old accordion. As soon as he sounded the first note the birds would hop upon the table and stand in line, with their heads inclined on one side, listening to Joshua's simple melodies. They would not flutter a feather of their little wings for fear they should disturb the harmony of sound.

There was one canary which the boys had christened Golden Cloud. It was one of the two canaries that Dan had first trained, and for this reason was a special favorite with the lads.

Dan used to declare that Golden Cloud understood every word he spoke to it. Certainly it was a fact that Golden Cloud was a bird of superior intelligence. The other birds were of that opinion also, or they would not have accepted its leadership.

When they marched, Golden Cloud was at the head of them, and very proud it appeared to be of its position. When the performances took place, Golden Cloud was the first to commence. If anything very particular was to be done, Golden Cloud was intrusted with it; and if any new bird was disobedient, it was the duty of Golden Cloud to assist Dan in bringing that bird to its senses.

The birds did not envy Golden Cloud because it had reached a position higher than their own. This fact was as clear as it was astonishing to any one

who enjoyed the happy privilege of being present now and then at the performances of Dan's clever troupe.

Even when old age crept upon it, the same respect was shown to the leader of the company. Its sight grew dim, its legs grew scaly, its feathers grew ragged. What matter? Had it not been kind and gentle to them when in its prime? Should they not be kind and gentle to it now that Time was striking it down? And was it not, even in its decrepitude, the wise bird of them all?

Although it grew more and more shaky every hour, the old sense of duty was strong in the heart of Golden Cloud, and it strove to take part in the performances to the last. Golden Cloud had learned the lesson that to try always to do one's duty is the sweetest thing in life. In that respect, it was wiser than many human beings who should have been wiser than it.

It was a melancholy sight, yet a comical one, to see Golden Cloud lift a sword with its beak, and try to hold it there, and hop with it at the head of the company. It staggered here and there, and being almost blind, sometimes hit an inoffensive bird across the beak. This would cause some confusion for a moment, but everything was set right as quickly as could be. The other birds bore with

patience Golden Cloud's weakness, and made its labor light for it.

The saucy tomtit, with its crown of blue, was the most refractory pupil in Dan's company. It would turn heels over head in the midst of a serious lesson, it would hop and twist about, and disturb its more steady companions with its restless tricks. Yet, even this reckless bird was subdued and tamed by Golden Cloud's firmness, and assisted the veteran in its old age.

One evening Joshua came round to Dan's room later than usual. He found Dan in tears.

"What is the matter, Dan?" asked Joshua.

Dan made no reply.

"Do your legs hurt you, Dan?" asked Joshua, tenderly.

Dan shook his head, but uttered no sound.

Joshua thought it best not to tease his friend with any more questions. He knew that Dan would tell his grief soon, so he took his accordion on his knee and began to play very softly. As he played, a canary in a mourning-cloak came out of the log-house; another canary in a mourning-cloak followed; then a bullfinch, and another bullfinch, then the tomtits and the linnets, and last, the blackbirds, all in mourning cloaks.

The nimble fingers of Dan's sister Ellen had made

these little black cloaks for the birds that day out of a piece of the lining of an old frock.

At the sight of the first canary, with its black cloak on, Joshua was filled with astonishment; but when bird after bird followed and ranged themselves solemnly in line before him he solved the riddle of their strange appearance. He missed the presence of one familiar friend; the birds were in mourning for the death of Golden Cloud.

They seemed to know that they had lost a friend, and that they were about to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had been their guide and master.

The bullfinches, with their crimson breasts hidden by the cloaks, looked like blackbirds in mourning, and the amiable linnets, shy as they generally were, were still more quiet and sad than usual. Even the daring blackbirds were subdued, with the exception of one, who, in the midst of a silence, struck up a shrill whistle, but seeing the eyes of the tomtit fixed upon it, with an air of reproach, stopped in sudden remorse.

Ellen had made a white shroud for Golden Cloud. It was both quaint and mournful to see the dead canary as it lay in its little coffin, surrounded by the mourners in their black cloaks. They stood quite still, with their cunning little heads all inclined one way, as if they were waiting for orders from their dead leader.

Joshua, with a glance of sorrow at the coffin, said, "Your money box, Dan!"

"I wish I could have buried it in a flowerpot, Jo," replied Dan, suppressing a sob.

"Why didn't you?"

"I didn't have one, so I used my money box."

"But you would rather have a flowerpot, Dan?"

"I should have liked a flowerpot above all things. It seems more natural for a bird. Something might grow out of it; something that Golden Cloud would like, even if it was only a blade of grass."

Joshua ran out of Dan's room, and returned in a very few minutes with a flowerpot, with a mignonette growing in it. He was almost breathless with excitement.

"It is mine, Dan," he said, "and it is yours. I bought it with my own money; and it shall be Golden Cloud's coffin."

Joshua then carefully lifted the flower roots from the pot, and placed Golden Cloud in the soft mold beneath. A few tears fell from Dan's eyes into the flowerpot as he looked for the last time upon the form of his pet canary. And Joshua replaced the flower roots, and Golden Cloud was ready for burial.

"Play something, Jo," said Dan. Joshua took his accordion in his hands and played a slow, solemn march. The birds, directed by Dan, hopped gravely

around the flowerpot, the tomtit keeping its eye sternly fixed upon the rebellious blackbird.

"I don't know where to bury it," said Dan, when this ceremony was completed. "Our yard is covered with flagstones, and if it was buried there, the flowers could not grow."

"There is a little bit of garden in our yard, Dan," said Joshua. He knew Dan was wishing to have Golden Cloud buried near him. "I can bury it there if you do not mind. It is only five yards away, and the mignonette will grow there."

Dan consented, and Joshua took the flowerpot, and in the center of what he called his garden they buried Golden Cloud. When Joshua returned to Dan's room the mourning cloaks were taken off the birds, and they were sent to bed.

—B. L. Farjeon.

From "Joshua Marvel."

SONG OF THE SEA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runs the earth's wide regions round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies,
Or like a cradled creature lies.

"THE WILD AND BOUNDLESS SEA."

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be,
With the blue above and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go.
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? *I* shall ride and sleep.

I love, oh! how I love to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloud his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the southwest blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And back I flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeks its mother's nest;
And a mother she *was* and *is* to me,
For I was born on the deep, blue sea!

And I have lived, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and power to range,
But never have sought or sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he comes to me,
Shall come on the wild and boundless sea.

—Barry Cornwall.

THE TIGER, THE BRAHMAN, AND THE JACKAL

AN EAST INDIAN FAIRY TALE

Once upon a time a tiger was caught in a trap. He tried in vain to get out through the bars, and rolled and bit with rage and grief when he failed.

By chance a poor Brahman came by. "Let me out of this cage, O pious one!" cried the tiger.

"Nay, nay, my friend," replied the Brahman, mildly. "You would probably eat me up if I did."

"Not at all!" declared the tiger with many vows; "on the contrary, I should be forever grateful, and would serve you as a slave!"

Now, when the tiger sobbed and sighed and wept, the pious Brahman's heart softened, and at last he consented to open the door of the cage. At once, out sprang the tiger, and seizing the poor man, cried: —

"What a fool you are! What is to prevent my eating you now? After being cooped up so long I am terribly hungry."

In vain the Brahman pleaded for his life. All that he could gain was a promise from the tiger to abide by the decision of the first three things that he chose to question concerning the tiger's action.

So the Brahman first asked a tree what it thought of the matter, but the tree replied coldly: —

"What have you to complain about? Don't I give shade and shelter to all who pass by, and don't they in return tear down my branches and pull off my leaves to feed their cattle? Don't complain, but be a man!"

Then the Brahman, sad at heart, went further afield till he saw a buffalo turning a waterwheel. He laid his case before it, but he got no comfort, for the buffalo answered: —

"You are a fool to expect gratitude! Look at me! Do you not see how hard I work? While I was young and strong they fed me on the best of food, but now when I am old and feeble they yoke me here, and give me only the coarsest fodder to eat!"

The Brahman, still more sad, asked the road to give him its opinion of the tiger's conduct.

"My dear sir," said the road, "how foolish you are to expect anything else! Here am I, useful to everybody, yet all, rich and poor, great and small, trample on me as they go past, giving me nothing but the ashes of their pipes and the husks of their grain!"

On hearing this the Brahman turned back sorrowfully. On his way he met a jackal, who called out: —

"Why, what's the matter, Mr. Brahman? You look as miserable as a fish out of water!"

Then the Brahman told him all that had occurred. "How very confusing!" said the jackal, when the

recital was ended; "will you tell it over again, for everything has got mixed up in my mind?"

The Brahman told his story all over again, but the jackal shook his head in a distracted sort of way, and still could not understand.

"It's very odd," said he, sadly, "but it all seems to go in at one ear and out at the other! Take me to the place where it all happened, and then, perhaps, I shall be able to understand it."

So the cunning jackal and the poor Brahman returned to the cage, and there was the tiger waiting for his victim, and sharpening his teeth and claws.

"You've been away a long time!" growled the savage beast, "but now let us begin our dinner."

"*Our* dinner!" thought the wretched Brahman, as his knees knocked together with fright; "what a delicate way he has of putting it!"

"Give me five minutes, my lord!" he pleaded, "in order that I may explain matters to the jackal here, who is somewhat slow in his wits."

The tiger consented, and the Brahman began the whole story over again, not missing a single detail, and spinning as long a yarn as possible.

"Oh, my poor brain! Oh, my poor brain!" cried the jackal, wringing its paws and scratching its head. "Let me see, how did it all begin? You were in the cage, and the tiger came walking by —"

"Pooh! Not at all!" interrupted the tiger. "What a fool you are! *I* was in the cage."

"Yes, of course!" cried the jackal, pretending to tremble with fright. "Yes! I was in the cage — no, I wasn't — dear! dear! where are my wits? Let me

see — the tiger was in the Brahman, and the cage came walking by. No, no, that's not it, either! Well, don't mind me, but begin your dinner, my lord, for I shall never understand it!"

"Yes, you *shall!*" returned the tiger, in a rage at the jackal's stupidity; "I'll *make* you understand! Look here. I am the tiger —"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the Brahman —"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And that is the cage —"

"Yes, my lord!"

"And I was in the cage — do you understand?"

"Yes, but please, my lord, how did you get in?"

"How did I get in! Why, in the usual way, of course!" cried the tiger, impatiently.

"O dear me! my head is beginning to whirl again! Please don't be angry, my lord, but what is the usual way?"

At this the tiger lost all patience, and, jumping into the cage, cried, "This way! Now do you understand how it was?"

"Perfectly!" grinned the jackal, as he instantly shut the door; "and if you will permit me to say so, I think matters will remain as they were!"

— Joseph Jacobs.

From "Indian Fairy Tales."

THE CAMEL'S NOSE

Once in his shop a workman wrought,
With languid hand and listless thought,
When through the open window's space,
Behold! a camel thrust his face:
"My nose is cold," he meekly cried;
"Oh, let me warm it by thy side!"

Since no denial word was said,
In came the nose, in came the head;
As sure as sermon follows text,
The long and scraggy neck came next;
And then, as falls the threatening storm,
In leaped the whole ungainly form.

Aghast the owner gazed around,
And on the rude invader frowned,
Convinced, as closer still he pressed,
There was no room for such a guest;
Yet more astonished heard him say,
"If thou art troubled, go away,
For in this place I choose to stay."

—Lydia Huntley Sigourney.

THE ADVENTURES OF A SHILLING

I was last night visited by a friend of mine who never fails to entertain his company with a variety of thoughts and hints that are altogether new and uncommon. In the heat of his discourse, seeing a piece of money lying on my table, "I defy," says he, "the busiest man of the age to produce half the adventures that this twelvepenny piece has been engaged in, were it possible for him to give us an account of his life."

My friend's talk made so odd an impression upon

my mind that soon after I was a-bed I fell into a most unaccountable reverie. Methought the shilling that lay upon the table reared itself upon its edge, opened its mouth, and in a soft, silver sound gave me the following account of his life and adventures: —

"I was born," says he, "on the side of a mountain, near a little village of Peru, and made a voyage to England in an ingot under the convoy of Sir Francis Drake. I was, soon after my arrival, taken out of my Indian habit, refined, naturalized, and put into the British mode, with the face of Queen Elizabeth on one side, and the arms of the country on the other. Being thus equipped, I found in me a wonderful inclination to ramble and visit all parts of the new world into which I was brought. The people very much favored my natural disposition, and shifted me so fast from hand to hand that before I was five years old I had traveled into almost every corner of the nation.

"But in the beginning of my sixth year, to my unspeakable grief, I fell into the hands of a miserable old fellow, who clapped me into an iron chest, where I found five hundred more of my own quality who lay under the same confinement. The only relief we had was to be taken out and counted over in the fresh air every morning and evening. After an imprisonment of several years we heard

somebody knocking at our chest, and breaking it open with a hammer. This, we found, was the old man's heir, who, as his father lay a-dying, was so good as to come to our release; he separated us that very day. What was the fate of my companions I know not.

"As for myself, I was sent to the apothecary's shop. The apothecary gave me to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a clergyman.

"After this manner I made my way merrily through the world, for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as traveling. In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy purse, in pursuance of a foolish saying, that while she kept a Queen Elizabeth's shilling about her, she should never be without money. I continued here a close prisoner for many months, until at last I was exchanged for eight-and-forty farthings.

"I thus rambled from pocket to pocket until the beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king; for, being of a very tempting breath, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them in the service of the Parliament.

"After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who, I found, was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at receiving the will; but opening it, he found himself disinherited and cut off from the possession of a fair estate by virtue of my being made a present to him. This put him into such a passion that he flung me away from him as far as he could. I chanced to light in an unfrequented place under a dead wall, where I lay, undiscovered and useless, during the usurpation of Oliver Cromwell.

"About a year after the king's return, a poor cavalier that was walking there about dinner time fortunately cast his eye upon me, and, to the great joy of us both, carried me to a cookshop, where he dined upon me, and drank the king's health. What has happened to me since, I shall take some other opportunity to relate. In the meantime I must not omit an adventure, as being very extraordinary, which happened to me in 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man. But indeed this was a mistake, the person who gave me having heedlessly thrown me into the hat among a pennyworth of farthings."

—Joseph Addison.

THE WONDERFUL WEAVER

I

THERE was a young girl in Greece whose name was Arachne. Her face was pale but fair, and her eyes were big and blue, and her hair was long and like gold. All that she cared to do from morn till noon was to sit in the sun and spin; and all that she cared to do from noon till night was to sit in the shade and weave.

And oh, how fine and fair were the things which she wove in her loom! Flax, wool, silk, — she worked with them all; and when they came from her hands, the cloth which she had made of them was so thin and soft and bright that men came from all parts of the world to see it.

And they said that cloth so rare could not be made of flax, or wool, or silk, but that the warp was of rays of sunlight and the woof was of threads of gold.

Then as day by day, the girl sat in the sun and spun, or sat in the shade and wove, she said, "In all the world there is no yarn so fine as mine, and in all the world there is no cloth so soft and smooth, nor silk so bright and rare."

"Who taught you to spin and weave so well?" some one asked.

"No one taught me," she said. "I learned how to do it as I sat in the sun and the shade; but no one showed me."

"But it may be that Athena, the queen of the air, taught you, and you did not know it."

"Athena, the queen of the air? Bah!" said Arachne. "How could she teach me? Can she spin such skeins of yarn as these? Can she weave goods like mine? I should like to see her try. I can teach her a thing or two."

She looked up and saw in the doorway a tall woman wrapped in a long cloak. Her face was fair to see, but stern, oh, so stern! and her gray eyes were so sharp and bright that Arachne could not meet her gaze.

"Arachne," said the woman, "I am Athena, the queen of the air, and I have heard your boast. Do you still mean to say that I have not taught you how to spin and weave?"

"No one has taught me," said Arachne; "and I thank no one for what I know;" and she stood up, straight and proud, by the side of her loom.

"And do you think that you can spin and weave as well as I?" said Athena.

Arachne's cheeks grew pale, but she said, "Yes, I can weave as well as you."

"Then let me tell you what we will do," said Athena. "Three days from now we will both weave; you on your loom, and I on mine. We will ask all the world to come and see us; and great Jupiter, who sits in the clouds, shall be the judge. And if your work is the best, then I will weave no more so long as the world shall last; but if my work is best, then you shall never use loom or spindle or distaff again. Do you agree to this?"

"I agree," said Arachne.

"It is well," said Athena. And she was gone.

II

When the time came for the contest in weaving, all the world was there to see it, and great Jupiter sat among the clouds and looked on.

Arachne had set up her loom in the shade of a mulberry tree, where butterflies were flitting and grasshoppers chirping all through the livelong day. But Athena had set up her loom in the sky, where the breezes were blowing and the summer sun was shining; for she was the queen of the air.

Then Arachne took her skeins of finest silk and

began to weave. And she wove a web of marvelous beauty, so thin and light that it would float in the air, and yet so strong that it could hold a lion in its meshes; and the threads of warp and woof were of many colors, so beautifully arranged that all who saw were filled with delight.

"No wonder that the maiden boasted of her skill," said the people.

And Jupiter himself nodded.

Then Athena began to weave. And she took of the sunbeams that gilded the mountain top, and of the snowy fleece of the summer clouds, and of the blue ether of the summer sky, and of the bright green of the summer fields, and of the royal purple of the autumn woods — and what do you suppose she wove?

The web which she wove in the sky was full of pictures of flowers and gardens, and of castles and towers, and of mountain heights, and of men and beasts, and of giants and dwarfs, and of the mighty beings who dwell in the clouds with Jupiter.

And those who looked upon it were so filled with wonder and delight that they forgot all about the beautiful web which Arachne had woven. And Arachne herself was ashamed and afraid when she saw it; and she hid her face in her hands and wept.

"Oh, how can I live," she cried, "now that I must never again use loom or spindle or distaff?"

And she kept on, weeping and weeping and weeping, and saying, "How can I live?"

Then, when Athena saw that the poor maiden would never have any joy unless she were allowed to spin and weave, she took pity on her and said: —

"I would free you from your bargain if I could, but that is a thing which no one can do. You must hold your agreement never to touch loom or spindle again. And yet, since you will never be happy unless you can spin and weave, I will give you a new form so that you can carry on your work with neither spindle nor loom."

Then she touched Arachne with the tip of the spear which she sometimes carried; and the maiden was changed at once into a nimble spider, which ran into a shady place in the grass and began merrily to spin and weave a beautiful web.

I have heard it said that all the spiders which have been in the world since then are children of Arachne; but I doubt whether this be true. Yet, for aught I know, Arachne still lives and spins and weaves; and the very next spider that you see may be she herself.

From "Old Greek Stories." — JAMES BALDWIN.

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet birds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.

I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under;
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.

Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning, my pilot, sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls by fits;

Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;

That orbed maiden, with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleecelike floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;

And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;

And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm river, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I am the daughter of the earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.

— Percy Bysshe Shelley (*Abridged*).

WORD LIST

Of the more difficult words of the lessons of the Sixth Reader not listed in the preceding books of the series.

The following key to the pronunciation of words is in accordance with Webster's New International Dictionary. The silent letters in the word list are printed in italics.

ā	māte	ī	pīne	ŭ	ŭs	c	can
å	sen′åte	ĭ	pĭn	û	fûr	ç=s	çent
ă	măt					d͡ŭ	ver′d͡ŭre
å	åsk	ō	nōte	o͝o	mo͝on	g	get
ä	jär	ŏ	ŏ bey′	o͝o	fo͝ot	ġ=j	ġem
â	âir	ŏ	nŏt	oi	oil	n̲=ng	in̲k
		ŏ	sŏft	ou	out	s	so
ē	wē	ô	lôrd	oy	=oi toy	ṣ=z	aṣ
ė	bė fore′			ow	=ou cow	th	thin
ĕ	wĕt	ū	ūse	ee	=ē feet	th	them
ẽ	o′vẽr	ŭ	ŭ nite′	ew	=ū few	t͡ŭ	na′t͡ŭre

ạ	=ŏ what	ï	=ē po lïce′	o̤	=o͝o mo̤ve	-tion	=-shun
ã	=ẽ cel′lãr	ĩ	=ẽ ta′pĩr	o̥	=o͞o wo̥lf	-sion	=-shun
a̤	=ô c̤all		=û gĩrl	ṳ	=o͝o rṳde	-ṣion	=-zhun
ê	=â thêre	õ	=ẽ com′fõrt	u̥	=o͞o fu̥ll	-cial	=-shal
ẽ	=û hẽr		=û wõrk	ȳ	=ī mȳ	-tial	=-shal
e̲	=ā the̲y	ȯ	=ŭ sȯn	y̆	=ĭ cit′y̆	-tious	=-shus

a bĭl′ĭ tĭe̱s̱
ab rŭpt′lў
a căd′ĕ mў
ac côr′dĭ ȯn
ăd′mĭ ra ble
*a*ē′rĭe
åft′ẽr tīm*e*
ā*i*d′-dĕ-cămp
Ăl′frĕd
ăm brō′s̱ĭ a
Ăn′ġĕ lus
A*n* năp′ŏ lĭs
A phĭd′n*a*ī
A pŏl′*l*ō
a*p* prĕn′tĭ*ç*e
A răc*h*′nē
Ärc′tĭc
Är′la
är′tĭ s̱an
ăs *c*ẽr tā*i*n′
ăs̱*th*′ma
A thē′na
a thwa̱rt′
A̱*u*s trā′lĭ a
A̱*u*s trā′lĭ an
a̱*w*k′wārd

Bär bĭ zôn′
Ba̱*u*′çĭs
Bĕl shăz′*z*ar

Bĕn e̱ dĕt′tō
Bĕn′ja mĭn
bĕ *s*ĭe̱ġ*e*d′
Bĕth′lĕ hĕm
bois′tẽr *o*us lў
Bŏn′*n*ĭ cås *t*le
Bō′rĕ as
boun′tė *o*us
Bräh′man
Bra zĭl′
brĕ*a*th′less
brīd′al
Brĭt′ĭsh
bu̱ll′fĭnch

ca lăm′ĭ tў
cām′brĭc
căt′a răct
ca̱*u*′tious lў
cāv′al rў
Çē′rēs̱
chaise (*shāz*)
chăn′tĭ cleer
chăr′ĭ ot

c*h*ăs̱m
c*h*ĕm′ĭs trĭe̱s̱
Chĕsh′ĭr*e*

chĭp′mŭn̲k
chĭr′*r*up
c*h*ō′rus

C*h*rĭs′*t*en dȯm
çĭt′ĭ zen
çĭv′ĭl *l*ў
clẽr′ġў
cŏ*c*k a tōō′
cŏl′ŏ nў
Cŏ lŭm′bĭ a
cȯm′pass
com păs′sion
cŏn′fĭ denç*e*
cŏn fĭ dĕn′tial
con sĭd′ẽr a ble
con tĭn′ŭ al *l*ў
cŏn vẽr sā′tion
co*ŭ*r′åġ*e*

crŏc′ŏ dīl*e*
Crŏm′wĕll
Cru̱′sōe

crў*s*′tal *l*ĭn*e*
Cū′ba
Cū′pĭd
cū rĭ ŏs′ĭ tў
Cŭs′tĭs

Dāne̱s̱
Dăn′iel
Dān′ĭsh
dä*u*nt′lĕss lў
dē′ĭ tĭe̱s̱
dĕm′on strāt*e*
(6th)

dẽ nī′al
dẽ plōr′a bl*e*
dĕs′pẽr å*t*e
Dĕv′ȯn shĭr*e*
dĕx′tẽr *o*us lў
Dī ăn′a
dĭl′ĭ ġenç*e*
dĭl′ĭ ġent lў
dĭs a*p* pro̱v′al
dĭs *gu*īs̱*e*′
dĭs pŏ s̱ĭ′tion
dĭs rĕp′ū ta bl*e*
drў′ăd
dŭn′ġeȯn

ĕd′ĭ fĭç*e*

Ê ġўp′tian
(*-shan*)
Ĕl′*e*a nôr
ē lĕc trĭç′ĭ tў
ĕl ẽ mĕn′ta rў
Ê lĭz′a bĕth
Ĕm′ĭ lў
ĕm′ĭ nençe
ĕm′pha sĭs
ĕn chȧnt′ed
ĕn dĕa*v*′ŏr
ĕs pē′cial *l*ў
Ĕs′t*h*ẽr
ĕs′tĭ ma bl*e*

Ĕth′el wụlf
ḛ thē′rḛ al
Ê trụ′rĭ a
ĕx pĕr′ĭ ment
ĕx′quĭ ṣĭte
ĕx trăv′a gant
ĕx ū′bẽr ant
(*ĕgz*)
fa mĭl ĭ ăr′ ĭ tў
făs′*cĭ* nāt ing
*fi*ēnd′ĭsh
fī nä′le̱
fĭr′ma ment
fla mĭṉ′gō
Flăn′dẽrṣ
fŏr′*eĭg*n
fôr′tĭ fīed
Frȧn′çĭs
Fräṅ çois′
(*-swä′*)
frŏl′*ĭc*k ing

Gȧ rŏf′fī
Gär rō′ne̱
*Ġi*ō văn′nĭ
Gôr′dȯn
gôr′*ġe*ous
grȯ tĕsq*ue*′lў
Gụth′rụm
ġў̆p′sў̆

hănd′ĭ wŏrk
härp′sĭ c*h*ôrd
Hās′tĭngṣ
hä*u*nt′ed
hĕ*a*th′ẽr
Hẽr mĭn′ĭ ŭs
hŏgṣ′hĕ*a*dṣ
hȯ rī′zȯn

hȯr′*r*ĭ fīed
hŏs′pĭ ta ble
hŏs pĭ tăl′ĭ tў
hŭ mĭl′ĭ āte

ĭl lū′mĭ nāte
ĭm pẽr′tĭ nençe
ĭn ĕv′ ĭ ta ble
ĭn ġēn′i*o*us
ĭn ĭ′tial
ĭn quīr′ў
ĭn′strụ ment
ĭn trụd′ẽr
Ī rēne′

ĭr rĕg′ŭ lar
ī sȯ lā′tion

Jāi*c*k′ĭe
Jāmeṣ′town
Jȧ nĭc′ŭ lŭm
jăs′mĭne
Jä′va

Jē*a*n
Jē′ṣus
Jĭm′ĭ nў
Jŏ*h*n′sȯn
Jŏsh′ŭ a
Jụ′nō
Jụ′pĭ tẽr

*k*nĕll
*k*nĭck′*k*năck
*k*nŭck′le

Krĭs tĭne′

Lär′tius (*-shus*)
Lăt′ĭn
Lĕx′ĭng tȯn
Lĭch′*fi*ēld
lĭm′pĕt
lŏn′ġĭ tūde
Loụ ĭ ṣĭ ăn′a

Mā′ġī
ma jŏl′ĭ ca
Mā′jŏr
măn′ăġ*e* a ble
mär′tyr (*-tẽr*)
mär′vel *o*us
mā′vĭs
Mẽr′cŭ rў
mē′tḛ or

m*i*ēn
Mĭ*l* lĕt′
Mĭll′wo͝od
mĭr′a cle
mŏd′el*e*d
Mō′hạ̈wk
mŏn′as tĕr ў̆
mŏn′ŏ tō*n*e
Mȯr′gan
mŏsq*ue*
mō*u*rn′fụl
mûr′dẽr *o*us
mŭs′*se*l

Nĕp′tūn*e*
New′mär kĕt
Nȯr′wā*y*
nў̆mph

*o*c cûrred′
Ŏl′ĭ vẽr
Ȯ lў̆m′pus
ȯ rĭġ′ĭ nal
ȯr′na ments
Os bûrg′ȧ
ō′val

Pȧ çĭf′ĭ cȧ
păġ′e*a*nt
păl an q*u*ĭn′

Păl′a tīne quạr′rel sŏme Shōalṣ tȳ răn′nĭ cal
Păl a tī′nus quĭv′ĕr ĭng sĭm plĭç′ĭ tў ŭn çĕr′taĭn
păn ŏ rä′ma sĭr′up ŭn ēaṣ′ĭ lў
Pär′lĭa ment Răm′nĭ an sŏ çĭ′ĕ tў ŭn ē′qual ly
Pär′nēṣ Răph′ă ĕl Spring′fi͡ēld ŭn spēak′a ble
pär′tial Răs′sĕ las Spū′rĭ ŭs Ụr bī′nō
pā′trĭ ot ĭṣm rĕc ol lĕc′tion strĕngth′en ū ṣûr pā′tion
Pĕn′nĭng tŏn reign stū′dĭ ō Ŭt tŏx′ĕ tĕr
pēr sĭst′ rĕṣ ŏ lū′tion suc çĕs′sion
Pė rụ′ rė vēr′bēr āte sū′măc văl′iant lў
Phĭ lē′mon rĕv′ẽr ĭe sŭn′dī al vā′rĭ ė gāt ed
phĭ lŏs′ŏ phēr Rī′ō Ja neĭ′rō sўm′bol vė răn′da
pī′rāte (zha-) sўm′pa thў vĭġ′ĭ lançe
Plụ′tō Rŏlfe vĭl′laĭn
Pō ca hŏn′tas rŏl′lick ing tăç′ĭt lў
Pŏġ′gi͡ō Rŏn dāine′ Tärle′tŏn wĕap′ŏn
Pôr′se na Tāy′lŏr wĕll′a dāy
Pōr′tu͡ gal Sa hä′ra tēam′stēr Wĕst′mĭn stēr
pōs tĭl′iŏn Sa măr′ĭ tan tĕl′ė scōpe whĭrl′ĭ gĭg
Pŏ tō′mac Săm′ŭ ĕl tĕr rĕs′trĭ al wĭst′fụl nĕss
Pow ha tăn′ Săn′zĭ ō Thames Wọlfe
prāi′rĭe Sāv′iŏr (tĕmz) wrĭn′kle
prē ma tūre′ Săx′ŏn Thēbeṣ wrīthe
prĭn′çĭ pleṣ sci͡ṣ′sŏrṣ Thē′seūs wrôth
prĭv′ĭ lĕġe Scrĭp′tu͡r al thŏr′ŏugh
Prŏ crŭs′tēṣ sĕp′a rāte thrĕat′en yi͡ēld′ed
prŏ dŭc′tion sė rēne′lў Tĭ′tian (-shan) Yôrk′town
prŏph′ė sīed Sĕx′tŭs tŏm′a hạwk Yụle
Prŏv′ĭ dençe shew′eth trĕ′ble
pўre (shō′-) Tŭs′ca nў Zēa′land

NOTES — BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY

Page 9. Learners. Minot J. Savage, the author of these verses, an American clergyman and writer, was born in Maine, 1841.

An Italian Schoolboy is a translation from the Italian of Edmondo de Amicis, the author of several very popular books of travel and of one boy's book, "Cuore," from which this was taken. De Amicis was born in Oneglia, Italy, in 1846, and died in 1908.

20. An Indian Princess. See Word List for the pronunciation of the proper names in this story. — *moccasins:* loose shoes made of deerskin. — *Jamestown:* the first settlement made by the English in Virginia, on the James River.

27. Pocahontas. *horde:* a disorderly crowd. — *pyre:* a combustible heap on which the victim was to be burned. — *mien:* appearance. — *avert:* turn aside. The poet does not follow any historical account of this incident, for there was, in fact, neither "pyre" nor "blade," neither "ax" nor "knife." — William Makepeace Thackeray was a celebrated English novelist; born, 1811; died, 1863.

28. The Home of George Washington. *sampler*: a pattern of needlework to show the skill of the worker. — *harpsichord*: a musical instrument used before the invention of the piano. — *postilion:* one who rides and guides one of a pair of horses attached to a coach. — *aid-de-camp:* an officer who attends a general and assists him in various duties.

33. Franklin and the Kite. Benjamin Franklin was the first person to discover that lightning is an electrical phenomenon. — *Poor Richard*: the pen name under which Franklin published an almanac noted for its many wise maxims.

44. Travel. Robert Louis Stevenson was a famous Scottish writer; born, 1850; died, 1894. Observe how many full stops are in this entire poem. Notice its peculiar construction throughout.

46. The Good Saxon King. The Saxons with other Teutonic tribes were the first Englishmen. They invaded England in the fifth century, and their kings ruled there until the Norman Conquest in 1066. — *Danes:* people from Denmark. — Charles Dickens, a celebrated English novelist, was born near Portsmouth, 1812; died, 1870.

60. Doctor Johnson and his Father. Samuel Johnson was born in Lichfield, England, in 1709; died in London, 1784. "Rasselas," a philosophical romance once very popular, was published in 1759. "Lives of the English Poets," published in 1781, is still read with interest. "Irene" is the title of a tragedy which was first played in 1749, but never attained great success. Johnson's "English Dictionary," which appeared in 1755, was perhaps the most famous work of its kind ever published.

81. Tracks in the Snow. *Old Boreas:* the North Wind. — John Barlow is an American writer on outdoor subjects.

The Flight of the Birds. Edmund Clarence Stedman, a noted American poet, was born at Hartford, Connecticut, 1833.

86. The Frost. This poem is an old favorite with school children. Hannah F. Gould was an American poet, born in Massachusetts, 1789; died, 1865.

88. Sandy, the Good Samaritan. For the meaning of the expression "good Samaritan," read Luke x. 30–38. William E. Curtis, an American journalist, was born in Ohio, 1850.

93. Black Beauty. This is a selection from a very popular book of the same title written by Anna Sewell, an English author.

101. Dying in Harness. John Boyle O'Reilly, a noted Irish-American journalist and poet, was born at Dowth Castle, Ireland, 1844; died at Hull, Massachusetts, 1890.

103. Alice in Wonderland. This is an extract from the famous book entitled "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland," first published in 1865. Lewis Carroll is the pen name of Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, an English clergyman and writer; born, 1832; died 1898.

111. The Young Artist. Nathaniel Hawthorne, one of the most gifted of American authors, was born in Massachusetts, 1804; died, 1864. The selection is adapted from his volume entitled "Biographical Stories." — *Quaker:* a member of the religious Society of Friends.

121. The Old Oaken Bucket. Samuel Woodworth was an American poet; born in Massachusetts, 1785; died in New York, 1842.

122. The Flower of Liberty. Oliver Wendell Holmes, a famous American author, was born in Massachusetts, 1809; died, 1894. His greatest work is "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," published in 1858.

125. The Clocks of Rondaine. Frank R. Stockton, an American humorist and writer for young people, was born in Philadelphia in 1834; died, 1902.

147. The Child of Urbino. Urbino is a city of Italy, once celebrated as a center of art and literature. — *Madonna:* a picture of the Virgin Mary. Louise de la Ramée, commonly known by her pen name of "Ouida," a noted English novelist, was born at Bury St. Edmunds, 1840; died, 1908. She wrote several pleasing stories for children.

161. Keeping the Bridge. This is a portion of Macaulay's famous poem, "Horatius." The story is founded upon one of the numerous legends of ancient Rome, and the action is supposed to have occurred about 500 B.C. Thomas Babington Macaulay, a celebrated English historian and essayist, was born in 1800; died, 1859.

172. Procrustes and his Bed. Charles Kingsley, an English clergyman and author, was born in Devonshire, England, 1819; died, 1875.

184. Jaikie's Flower Garden. Samuel Rutherford Crockett, a popular English novelist, was born in Ireland, 1860.

190. A Life of Fear. John Burroughs, a well-known American essayist and writer on nature and natural history, was born in New York, 1837.

195. Spring. Henry Timrod, an American poet, was born in South Carolina, 1829; died, 1867.

197. A Song. James Whitcomb Riley, an American poet and humorist, was born in Indiana, 1853.

198. The Heart of a Tree. Henry Cuyler Bunner, an American writer and editor, was born in New York, 1855; died, 1896.

199. My Babes in the Wood. Dinah Mulock Craik was an English novelist and the author of numerous children's books and

fairy tales; born, 1826; died, 1887. Her most famous work is the novel entitled "John Halifax, Gentleman."

209. The Spacious Firmament. Addison's hymn is a poetical paraphrase of the psalm which here precedes it. It will be an interesting exercise to compare each with the other. Joseph Addison was a famous English essayist and poet; born, 1672; died, 1719.

210. The Gladness of Nature. William Cullen Bryant, a famous American poet and journalist, was born in Massachusetts, 1794; died in New York, 1878.

211. To-day. Thomas Carlyle, a celebrated essayist and historian, was born in Scotland, 1795; died in London, England, 1881.

The Lame Boy and his Friends. B. L. Farjeon was an English novelist whose works, once popular, are now but seldom read.

222. Song of the Sea. Barry Cornwall is the pen name of Bryan Waller Procter, an English poet; born, 1787; died, 1874.

225. The Tiger, the Brahman, and the Jackal. *Brahman:* a Hindoo of the highest rank or caste. — *buffalo:* in India a domestic animal often used to do the work of an ox. — *waterwheel:* a wheel with buckets attached for raising water. Joseph Jacobs, an English writer and journalist, was born in Australia, 1854.

229. The Camel's Nose. This is a poetical version of a very old fable. — Lydia H. Sigourney was an American writer whose poems were once popular; born, 1797; died, 1865.

234. The Wonderful Weaver. *Athē'na*, the goddess of wisdom. Observe the number of words in this lesson which have but one syllable. The Greek word for spider is *arachne*.

239. The Cloud. Percy Bysshe Shelley, one of the most gifted of English poets, was born in England, 1792; died, 1822.

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